

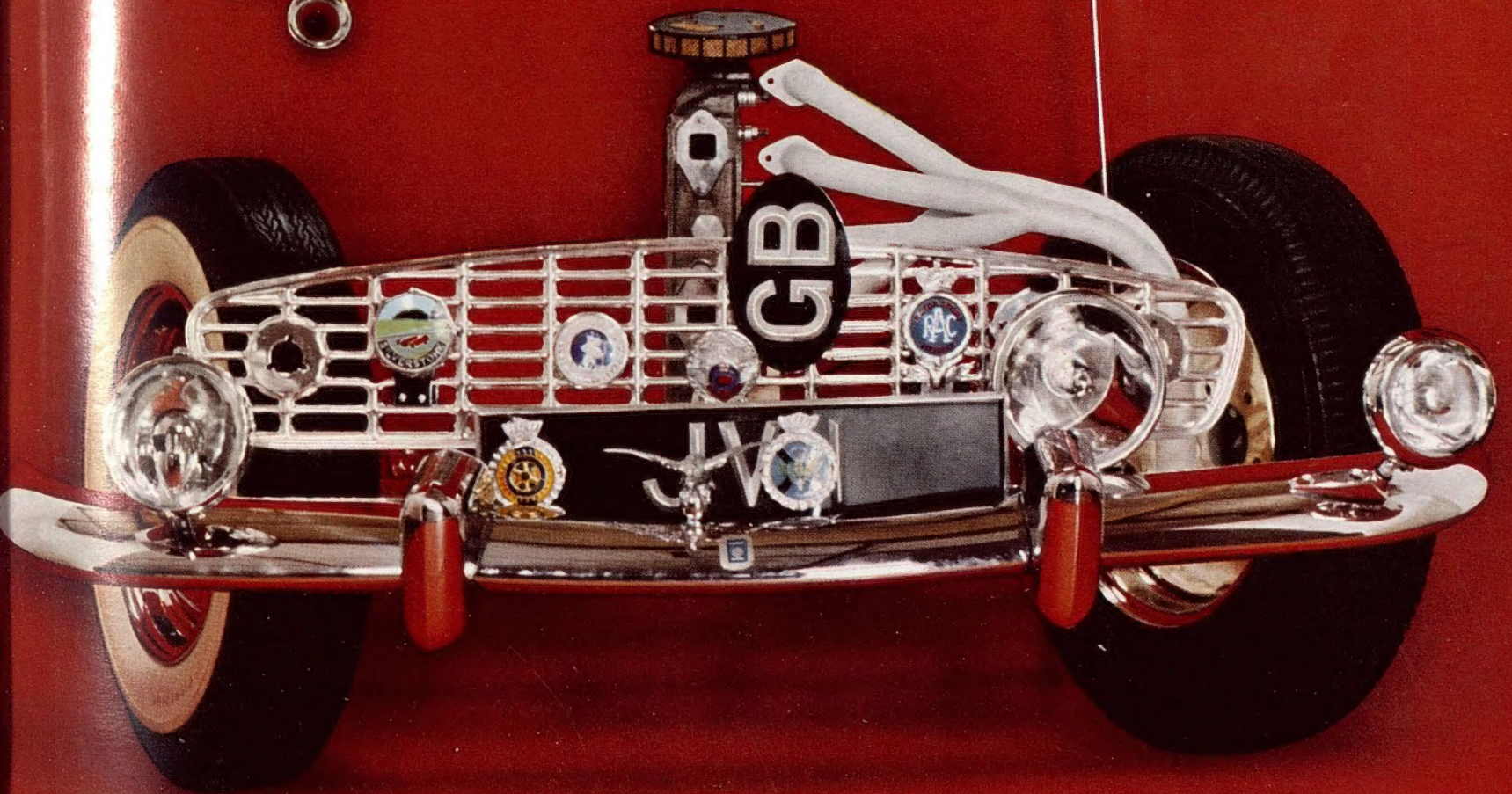
MOTOR SHOW NUMBER

THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 19 Oct. 1960



CARS WITH EXTRAS!





BODEGAS: JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA, SOUTHERN SPAIN



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Paris



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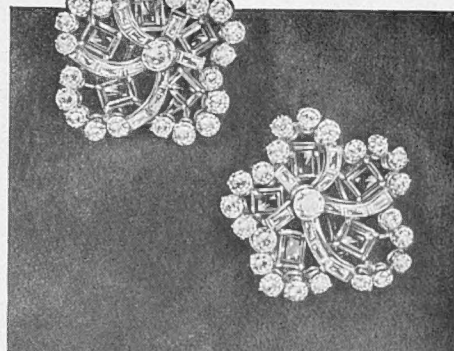


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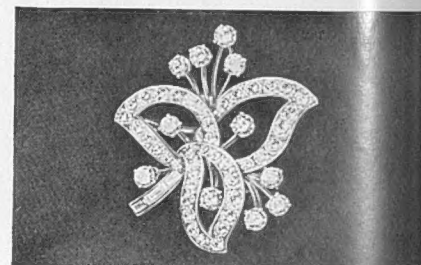
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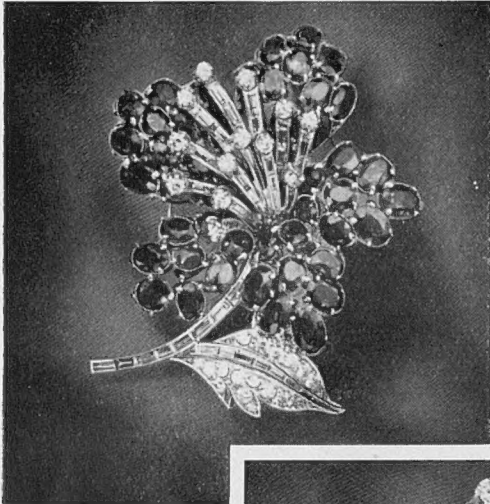
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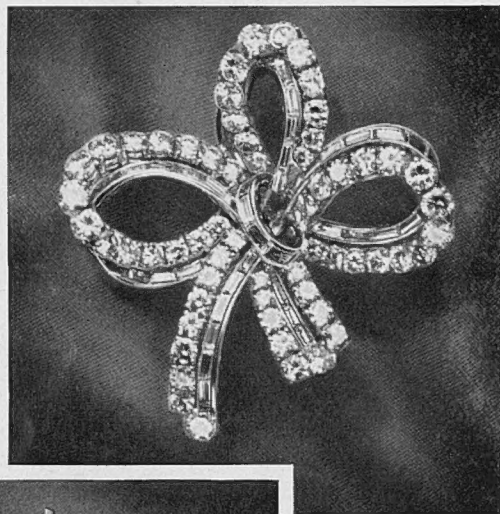
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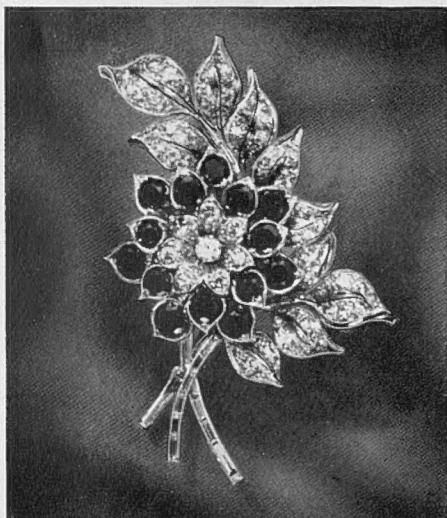
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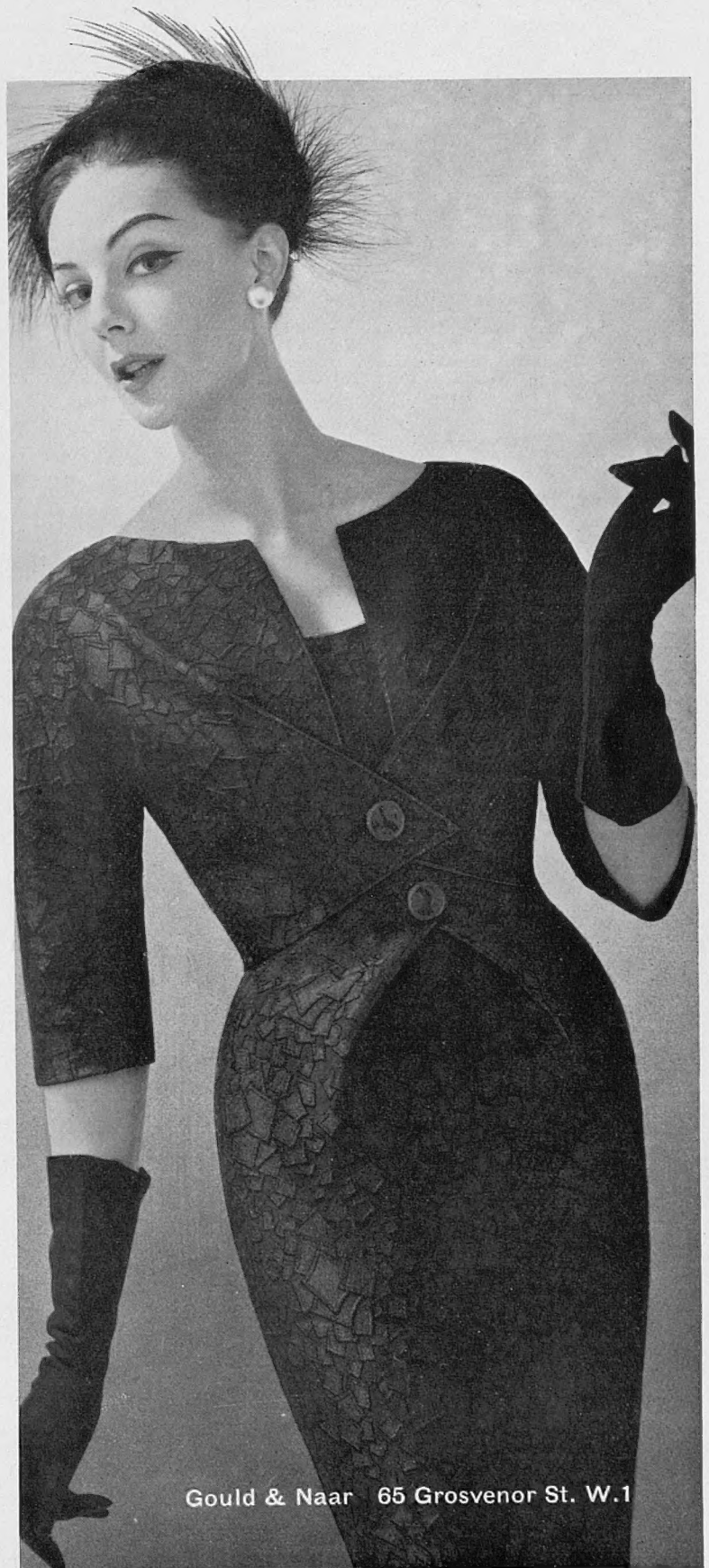
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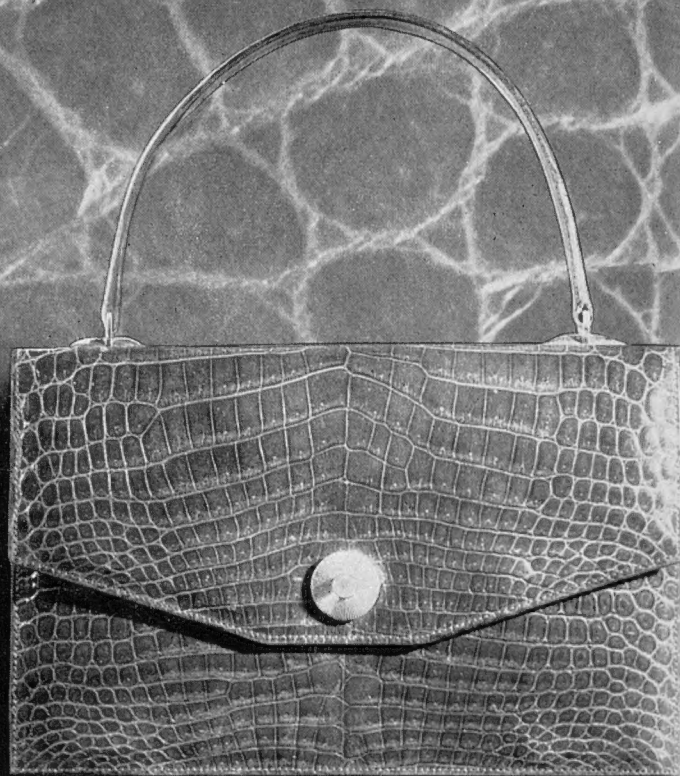


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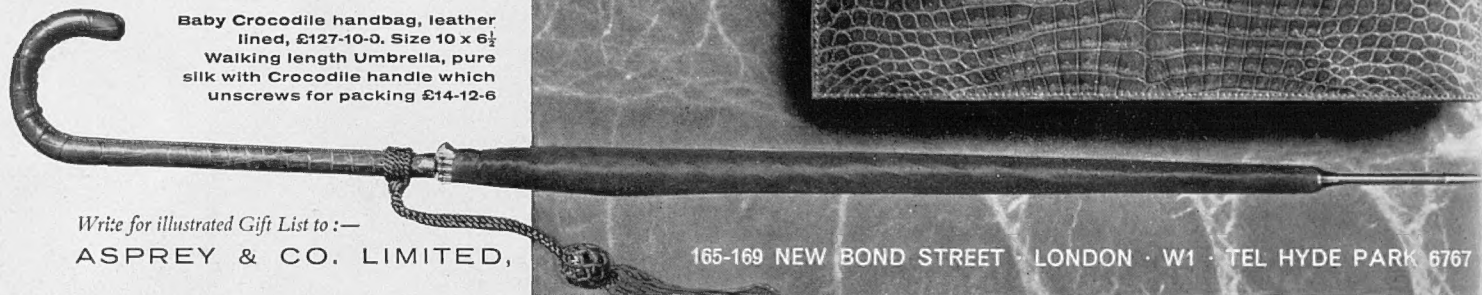
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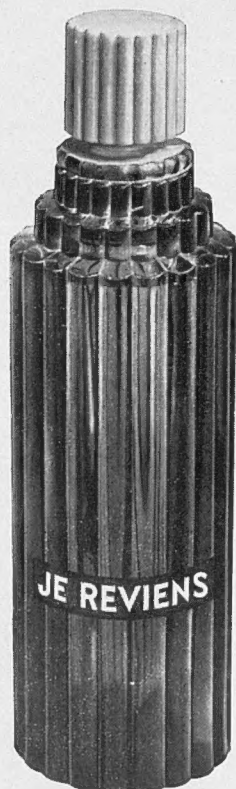
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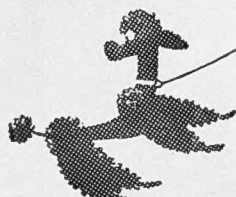
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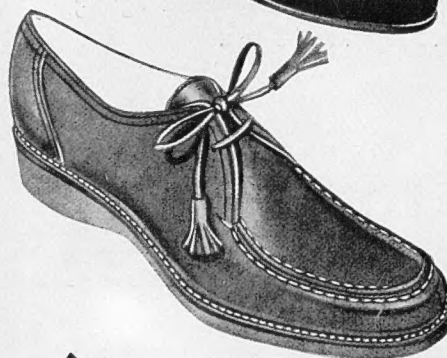
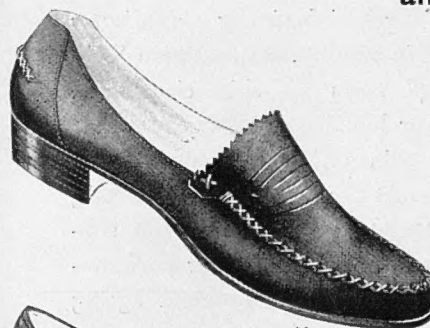


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1961 MODELS AND ALL THAT



The all-extra car, designed and photographed by COLIN SHERBORNE. It consists of a Volkswagen bumper, HRG cylinder-head, exhaust manifold, air cleaner, badges and grille, Conolly headrest, aero screen and steering wheel (all by Derrington's of Kingston); roof rack and seat by Standard-Triumph, fan and national badges (by Cumberland Garage); Venetian blind, spotlights, scarf, gloves, compass, map-reader and safety belt (by Les Leston's Ltd. of High Holborn); and Italian musical horn (J. Grose Ltd.). For cars with another kind of extra, see page 152

LIKE the M1, it's motoring all the way this week. There aren't many new models at the Show, but there are lots of new touches. So *Cars with extras* presents the models with the telling differences (page 152). Gordon Wilkins, who now conducts a motoring programme on Southern TV, helped to select them. He also contributes an arresting article (page 151) putting the road casualty figures in their proper perspective, which is more than you ever get from the newspapers. He urges: *Keep politics off the road!* and it's hard to disagree with him. Anyway, the accidents don't seem to discourage anybody from taking up driving, and much more alarming for the woman learner is finding out the ways of men on the roads. This is a subject the Highway Code doesn't touch on. To help women hold their own at the wheel Mary Macpherson and Sheila Logue contribute a revised code for dealing with such practical problems as how to avoid passengers and getting a breakdown fixed without getting your hands dirty. *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Driving* begins on page 165. For a quick check on whether you need the advice, take the Advanced Woman's Motoring Test (page 169). . . .

As usual at every Motor Show there's *Always something new in black*, but what else is new in black besides cars? The inquiry is pursued in colour (page 158 onwards) and comes up with a whole range of items from a lightweight hide chair to clothes from the Italian collections now available in London. . . . Still motoring-conscious, *M.P.H. Plus* (page 170) selects shoes that give a girl elegance as well as mileage. Michel Molinare photographed them. . . .

A contributor new to The Tatler is Fleur Cowles, a leading name in journalism on either side of the Atlantic. Now that everybody has forgotten they ever went away this summer she writes a nostalgic *Holiday Postscript* (page 147). . . .

Next week: Living one jump ahead. . . .

PS: Trouble with names . . . Mr. & Mrs. Karro, two of the successful Australians featured in *Down Under on the up* (14 September), were, owing to a mishearing, mistakenly called Farrow. . . . Sir Will Y. Darling, one-time M.P. for South Edinburgh, was inadvertently placed among the immortal company who have been prematurely dispatched. Far from being "the late" (5 October) Sir Will is as lively as Mark Twain on a similar occasion and still the sort of speechmaker Sir Compton Mackenzie admires. Apologies and regrets for suggesting the contrary.

International Motor Show, Earl's Court, until 29 October. (See page 152.)

Trafalgar Fair, tomorrow 11 a.m. to 9 p.m., Londonderry House, Park Lane, W.1.

Bob Ball, 24 October, at the Savoy.
Flying Angel Fair, for Missions to Seamen, Londonderry House, 11.30 a.m., 27 October.

National Dairy Show, 25-28 October, Olympia.

Victoria League Gala Concert, 25 October, Festival Hall. (To be attended by the Queen Mother.) Tickets: 5s. to 3 gns. from the Festival Hall, or (for League members) from Col. Clarke, Victoria League, Chesham Place, S.W.1.

Première of "The Alamo" to be attended by Princess Margaret & Mr. Armstrong-Jones, 27 October, at the Astoria, Charing Cross Road, in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association.

Buckets & Spades Dinner-Dance, 29 October, at the Savoy. Tickets: £2 12s. 6d. from Mr. S. Kaye, 64 Edgwarebury Lane, Edgware, Middlesex.

SPORT & SHOWS

Rugby: Southern Counties v. South Africans, Brighton, 22 October.

Race meetings: Stratford-on-Avon, 20 October; Newbury, 20-22 October; Doncaster, 21, 22 October; Huntingdon, Kelso, Worcester, 22 October; Wye, 24 October; Nottingham, 24, 25 October.

Golf: Ladies' Championship Challenge Cups, Roehampton, today & 20 October.

Horse Trials: Army trials, Tidworth, Hants, 22 October.

Tennis: Covered courts Open tournament, Torquay, 31 October - 5 November.

Angling: Hastings Angling Festival, 22-24 October; Lowestoft Fishing Festival, 28-30 October.

Isle of Thanet Agricultural Show, 27 October.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera: Gala performance, *La Sonnambula*, in the

presence of the Queen, Prince Philip, and the King & Queen of Nepal, 9.15 p.m. tonight. Opera season opens with *La Sonnambula*, 7.30 p.m., 21 October; *Cavalleria Rusticana*, & *Pagliacci*, 7.30 p.m., 22 October; *Der Rosenkavalier*, 7 p.m., 24 October; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, 7.30 p.m., 29 October. (cov 1066.)

Sadler's Wells Opera: *La Traviata*, tonight & 22 October; *Tannhauser*, 20 October; *Tosca*, 21 & 26 October; *Oedipus Rex*, and new production *The Nightingale* (Stravinsky), 25 October, 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall: B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra & chorus in programme including Schonberg's *Songs With Orchestra* (first public performance in this country), at 8 p.m., tonight; Quartet Pro Musica, first performance of John Ireland's String Quartet in C minor, 7.45 p.m., tonight; Piano recital, Claudio Arrau, 8 p.m., 20 October; Masterworks Series No. 2, London Philharmonic Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 23 October. (WAT 3191.)

ART

The Blue Rider Group, Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, until 30 October. (See Galleries on page 176.)

Turner Exhibition, Leggatt Brothers, 30 St. James's Street, S.W.1, until 4 November. In aid of the Missions to Seamen.

Lady of Fashion: Heather Firbank (1888-1954) and what she wore between 1908 & 1921, Victoria & Albert Museum, S.W.7, until 4 December.

FESTIVALS

Swansea Festival of Music & Arts, to 29 October.

Bach Festival, Bath, 22-29 October.

AUCTION SALES

Christie's: Important jewels, today; English & Continental furniture, Eastern rugs & carpets, 20 October; Pictures of the 16th, 17th & 18th centuries, 21 October; Prints & drawings, 1850-1900, 24 October; Fine watches, coins & miniatures, 25 October; Old English & foreign silver, 26 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

Strand Theatre. *Settled Out Of Court*. Tonight.

New Theatre, Oxford. *Toys In The Attic*. 24 October.

Apollo Theatre. *The Importance Of Being Oscar*. 31 October.

Wyndham's Theatre. *Chin-Chin*. 1 November.

LONDON FILM FESTIVAL Opens 21 October at the National Film Theatre, South Bank, with *White Nights* (U.S.S.R.), 3 p.m.; *Bad Boys* (Japan), 6 p.m.; & *Tirez sur le Pianiste* (France), 8.45 p.m. To 3 November.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 173.

Oliver! "... written & presented with enormous gusto ... put across with little of the art that conceals art ... I could do with a great deal more dancing." Ron Moody, Georgia Brown, Paul Whitsun-Jones. (New Theatre, TEM 3878.)

Flower Drum Song. "... the songs and tunes, with one or two exceptions, are undistinguished ... flatly drawn, formal characters." Yau Shan Tung, Yama Saki, Kevin Scott, George Pastell. (Palace Theatre, GER 6384.)

Ross. "... this fine play ... Mr. Rattigan's sense of theatre works unfailingly ... magnificent teamwork." Alec Guinness, Brewster Mason, Anthony Nicholls, Mark Dignam. (Theatre Royal, Haymarket, WHI 9832.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 174.

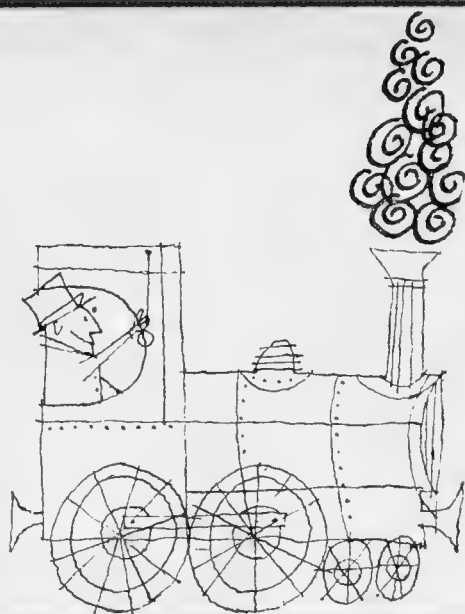
G.R. = General release

The Time Machine. "... close attention to period detail ... scari-fying adventures with weirdies in the bowels of the earth ... consistently entertaining." Roy Taylor, Yvette Mimieux, Alan Young. (Odeon, Marble Arch, PAD 8 11.)

All The Young Men. "... a war film with a Korean setting ... I remain unconvinced by these goings on that all men are brothers - unless the brothers we are talking about are Cain & Abel." G.R.

High Time. "... The bland, imperishable charm of Mr. Bing Crosby ... you cannot but fall for his easy good-humour." Bing Crosby, Fabian, Tuesday Weld, Nicole Maurey. (Carlton, WHI 3711.)

SIMOL CLARRY

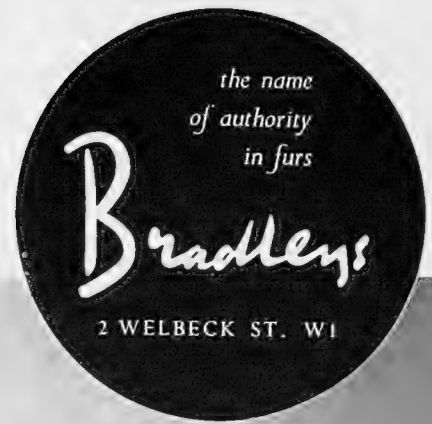


GOING PLACES

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GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays
O.S. = Open Sundays
W.B. = Wise to book a table

L'Aiglon, 44 Old Church Street, Chelsea. (FLA 8650.) Open Sundays from 6.30 p.m. to 11 p.m. A peaceful atmosphere and pleasant company. The fine collection of Edwardian theatre posters includes one of Sarah Bernhardt in *La Dame aux Camélias*. On the original menu are such pleasures as iced cucumber soup, Oriental meat balls, endive, *courgettes*, loganberries, and a *sorbet*. In relation to the high quality, prices are reasonable—dinner need not cost you more than about 12s. 6d. They send across the road for your wine. W.B.

Rules, Maiden Lane, W.C.2. (TEM 5314.) C.S. Both outside and inside is much the same as it was 50 years ago. My affection for it arises from the fact that I was dining there the night the present owner, Tom Bell, was born, and celebrated the event with his father. The food is good, plain, English, in harmony with the surroundings, and a meal without wine costs

17s. 6d.-£1 a head. It remains a favourite with the world of the press, publishing and the stage. W.B.

Ebury Wine Bar, corner of Ebury and Elizabeth streets. New, pleasant and useful. A comfortable wine bar with a snack bar and tables behind it, specializing in Danish-type "open-face" sandwiches. There is a choice of 16, also cold meat, soup, fruit salad and cheese. Wine by the bottle, carafe or glass. All prices reasonable.

Mr. Pancake, Bear Street, Leicester Square. Open 11 a.m. to midnight, including Sundays. I believe this is the first pancake house in Britain, though they are all the rage in the U.S. It is a licensed, help-yourself restaurant with other foods available, but the 10 varieties of pancake are the centre of attraction. They include chicken, ham, walnut and cottage cream, which is particularly good. A two course meal, two pancakes in each course, with coffee, costs less than 6s.

White's Charcoal Grill, White's Hotel, Lancaster Gate. (AMB 2711.)

When infuriated by West End parking problems this elegant hotel, with a fine view on to Hyde Park, is the place to go. Décor modern, tables small and close together in the current style. The grills are well up to standard and the wine list contains some good clarets. Pleasant piano music of the 30s. W.B.

Chez Cleo, Harrington Gardens, S.W.7. (FRE 4477.) C.S. A favourite of mine for some seven years, this restaurant has maintained the high standard with which it started. Its atmosphere is about as near to genuinely French as one can get without crossing the Channel. Two charming people, Bertha Myer and Georgette Coll, are still in charge: the *poulet basquaise* and other French provincial dishes are as good as ever. There is music, and members of the staff sing like larks above the Loire. It is an amusing place for dinner, or supper after the theatre. W.B.

Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly. (REG 8040.) Closed Saturdays after 1 p.m., Sundays and in the evenings. One of the comparatively few restaurants designed to meet the needs of women, though many men have also discovered its attractions. There is a full menu of well-established favourites, and an admirable selection of cold dishes.

Pier Hotel Restaurant, 31 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. (FLA 3800.) C.S. The Regency atmosphere has been created with skill. The food, mostly grills, is well cooked and the

meat of high quality. Wines include an admirable Steinwein. W.B.

The Bridge, 25 Basil Street. (KEN 1723.) C.S. As you walk through the door the Bridge seems to enfold you in the amiable atmosphere that goes with good eating. Here is English cooking of the highest quality, married to good wines and elegance. If you belong to the "I never bother to book a table" school—stay away. The three-course dinner for 21s. 6d. is good value, but if you order *à la carte* do not miss the omelette or the pineapple with apricot sauce. W.B.

Virginia's, 31 Dover St., W.1. (MAY 5134.) C.S. This restaurant is run by a woman, Virginia Hamilton, hence its name. There are a number of special dishes, mostly based on veal, chicken and steak, and an excellent chicken curry at lunchtime on Thursdays, with all the trimmings. Décor is pleasant, the atmosphere restful.

WINE NOTE

The clarets of the 1955 vintage are maturing quickly, especially the Château Bataille, which I have found excellent. You should be able to buy the Grand Cru Classé at about 150s. per dozen. You will be in luck if you can find Château Haut Marbuzet 1955 St. Estephe. If you feel like Champagne, the 1953 vintage Pommery is outstanding at 33s. per bottle. Taking 7 as the best, the experts score both the 1955 clarets and the 1953 champagnes at 6.

GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland



IT IS IMPORTANT TO START AN evening well. Where, then, to meet? Here are some places where little problems like taking care of the taxi fare until he arrives because she hasn't any change are all part of the evening's work.

To start with, the bar at the Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. Easy Underground for City husbands to adjacent Sloane Square station and central from Chelsea and Knightsbridge shopping. Barman Fred Maserati has been there longer than anyone dares to remember, is imperturbable and unfailingly helpful with life's little problems. This bar has just been done up and is a rendezvous for Chelsea's more distinguished residents, like Augustus

John. There is a comfortable lounge to sit in until opening time.

Moving farther West I don't think you can beat the Ritz, which manages to preserve a family atmosphere amid the rococo splendour of its décor. The Rivoli Bar on street level has charm, but it is in Laurie's bar downstairs where most of London's smart men about Town congregate. Laurie must know more well-known faces by name than any barman in London (and is father confessor to many of them). Women like the Ritz because they can pass the time over a cup of tea in the foyer and watch the hats go by.

More masculine in appeal is Jules Bar in Jermyn Street, where

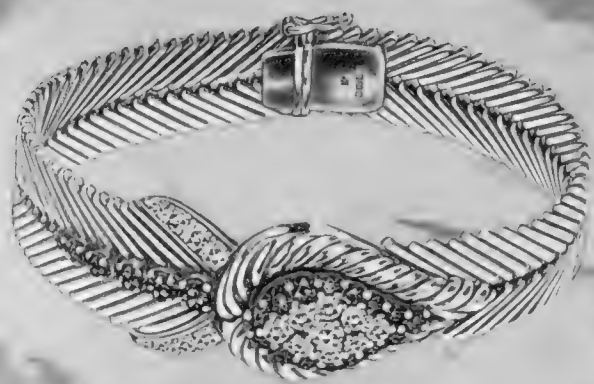
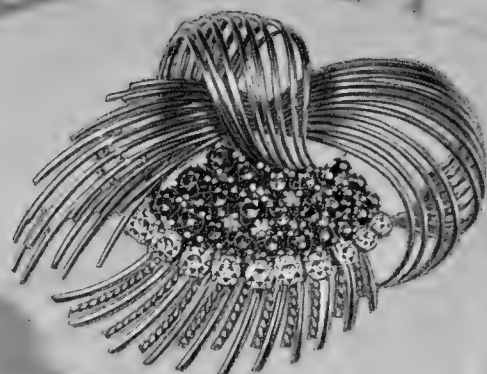
most days jockeys who have been losing weight in the next-door (no connection) Turkish Baths can be seen putting it on again. A useful and elegant bar to have a quick meal at the counter as well as aperitifs. Head man is George, assisted by Jimmie, an emigré from the bar at White's Club.

The new Aloha Bar in the Beachcomber restaurant of the May Fair Hotel is rather more than just a place to meet. It must be the lushest bar in Europe, and the décor alone is reputed to have cost £140,000. Done up in Polynesian style, there are enough live parakeets, terrapins and turtles around to warrant a full-time zoo keeper. The lighting effects are fascinating and ingenious and the waitresses in national costume equally distracting. Drinks on the vast cocktail menu are divided into three categories: medium strong "for the less cautious and more confident," large strong "for the brave & curious" and a final category "for those who don't give a damn." The latter category lists such items as the Zombie at 17s. 6d. a go. Barman Bill Tippin has strict orders not to serve more than two Zombies to any one customer. There are also

fascinating Polynesian concoctions "for Friends and Lovers" like "The Kava Bowl," 25s. Straw are provided and it gives you a natural opportunity to get your heads together over your libations.

Incidentally, don't be scared to ask for a gin and tonic. All normal drinks are also served at usual bar prices. The bar is open evenings only, from 5.30 p.m.

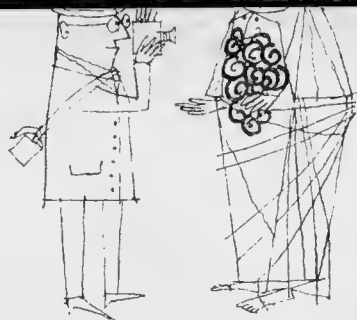
Finally, if you want to meet your dining companion more than halfway, there is the Wig & Pen Club in Fleet Street opposite the Law Courts in the Strand. The club is housed in the only building which survived the Fire of London. During the daytime it is packed with barristers and journalists but evenings are quieter and it is a popular meeting-place for theatre-goers bound for the Mermaid and the Strand and Aldwych Theatres. Fleet Street character Dick Brennan is the boss, and goes out of his way to be helpful. The Wig & Pen is a members' club but mostly anyone who is anyone around those parts is a member. There is also a roof garden where drinks are served, with a wonderful view of the City—but perhaps the less said about alfresco drinking this year the better.



Kutchinsky

KNIGHTSBRIDGE

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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

No car, will travel

EVEN if you don't travel by car, it is nearly always an amenity to have a car when you get there. But there are a few places where a car matters a great deal less than others. First of all, think of those where there are *no* cars! Venice is the most obvious example. There is a lot of Venice which one might miss if it were possible to short-cut it on four wheels. Many a time I sank exhausted in a café and unfurled my map yet again to see where I was, yet I am grateful for having thus been forced to get to know it pretty well. The transport system which plies the huge "S" of the Grand Canal, and the open water between Venice and the Lido, is easy enough to grasp without resort to the expense of hiring a launch. But the gondola—that unique and lovely form of transport—can get where you cannot even go on foot.

On the Greek islands Hydra and Myconos there is, so far as I know, no wheeled transport of any kind. They can only be reached, of course, by boat, and the time not spent in lying deliciously on your back on a rock, or in the water, is spent in ambling peaceably from café to café. Both islands are so small-scale, their life so concentrated in one spot, that being car-less causes no hardship at all. Greece as a whole is one of the easiest countries to enjoy without a car. Excellent motor coaches tour all the main classical sites on the mainland, and island cruises take in Rhodes, Crete, Delos, Patmos, Myconos and Kos, with land transport provided wherever necessary—in Patmos, by mule!

Along the whole of the Dalmatian coast, water is the chief—sometimes the only—form of transport. No wheeled traffic (apart from an odd post office or delivery van) is, or ever has been, allowed inside the old walled city of Dubrovnik, and taxis from the harbour to the hotels have to go round it. However, it is only 10 minutes' walk from the Argentina and the Excelsior down to the East Gate of the city which, in the cool of the evening, is a pleasure in its own right. The steamer service up the coast to Split, Zadar and Rijeka is excellent, so is the service from the mainland to the islands of Hvar and Korcula, Rab, Krk and Pag.

In Italy, Positano is a good stay-put place. No car can get down even as far as the harbour: the rest of the journey, strictly on foot, is through a series of wistaria-covered alleyways and flights of shallow stone steps. Mostly, the Positanese—both the adopted and the native—are too far seduced by the pace of life there to move at all, except

possibly by boat to a cove around the corner. You can reach Positano fairly easily by taxi from Naples, and I have to warn you that Neapolitan taxi drivers really are some of nature's rogues. I commend the technique of getting the hotel concierge to settle the taxi bill for you on arrival, rather than be drawn into a fist-flailing argument laced with all kinds of moral blackmail.

Vietri sul Mare, a little farther down the same coast, has an excellent hotel, the Baia, where one could happily stay put. It is very much the local mecca for both good food and entertainment—with a beach bar and dancing. One can get a through train to Salerno from Naples, and the hotel arranges to have guests collected from the station.

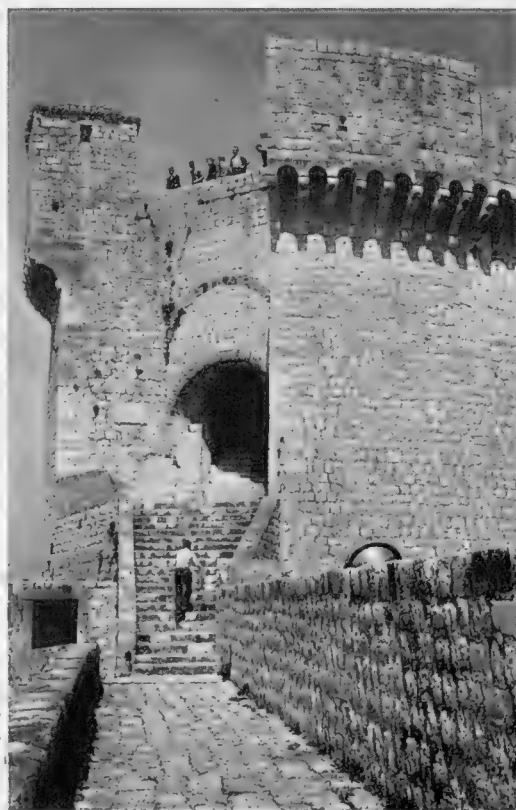
Luxury hotels in remote places always lay on transport for their guests from either station or airport. The magnificent hotel at Formentor in Spain, for example, is nearly two hours' drive from Palma airport. Once there, I cannot imagine wanting to stray (even if there were somewhere close to stray to) from the great sweep of its almost landlocked bay, gin-clear water, and coral sand backed by feather-pine trees. The hotel itself was built in 1930, the first luxury hotel in Spain—a title which it can still fairly claim. It has a beach bar and restaurant, hairdressing, massage, and shops. But these amenities have been added unobtrusively, with taste and tact, unlike some which succeed in creating a Miami-like metropolis in the midst of a beautiful desert.

In Sardinia, the best hotels are isolated from either of the main towns. The El Pharo is several miles outside Alghero, and the Is Morus at Santa Margherita is some 45 minutes' drive from Cagliari. But both have transport from the airports. B.E.A.'s Direct Viscount flight from London to Alghero plus Alitalia's link from Alghero to Cagliari, make either of these blissfully remote places a practical bet.

B.E.A. operate some useful coach services in conjunction with their flights to both Gibraltar and Milan, which are a boon to those without their own transport. From Gibraltar a coach covers the whole of the southern Spanish coast as far as Malaga, via Marbella and Torremolinos. And from Milan they go to Genoa, then on down via Santa Margherita to Rapallo, thus obviating an awkward train journey, not to mention the business of negotiating Milan itself, which is no fun in either your own or anybody else's car.



Courtyard of the Monastery on Poros, one of many Greek islands with little or no motor transport. Right: Fort Miniceta, in the walls of Dubrovnik. No private cars are allowed inside the old city.



J. ALLAN CASH



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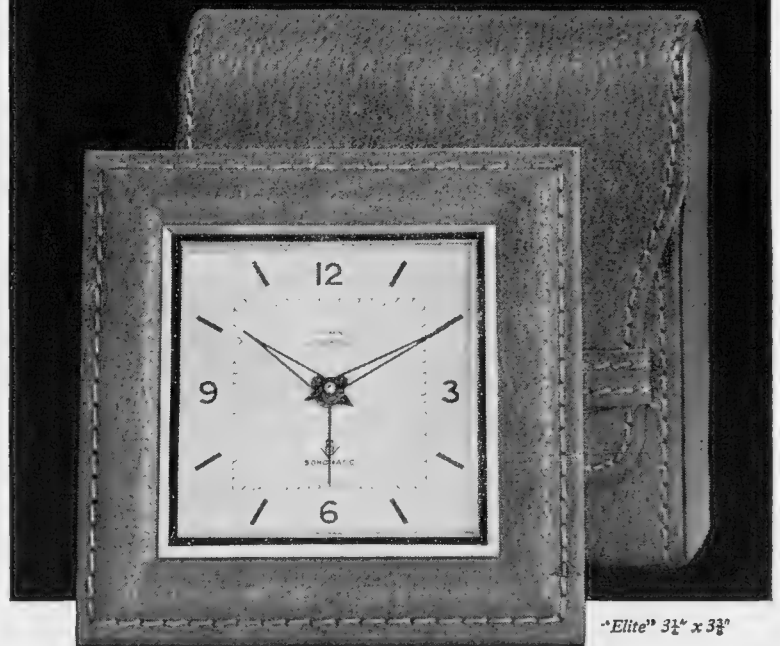


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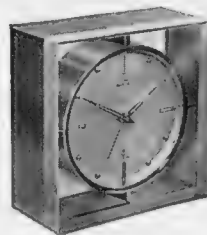
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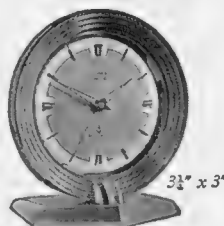
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YEVONDE

Miss Jennifer Gwendoline Jack to Mr. Michael Edmond Cooke. She is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. J. Jack, of Summerley, Bognor Regis. He is the only son of the late Mr. Michael J. Cooke, and of Dr. M. M. Cooke, of Kingston Hill, Surrey

Miss Priscilla Mary Hunter to Mr. John Pode. She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Jock Hunter, of Tanglewood, Merstham, Surrey. He is the only son of Sir Julian Pode, J.P., & Lady Pode, of Great House Bonvilston, near Cardiff, Glamorgan



BETTY SWAEBE

Miss Mary Emma Steel to Mr. Julian Loyd. She is the only daughter of Sir Christopher & Lady Steel, of H.M. Embassy, Bonn, Germany. He is the only son of Gen. Sir Charles Loyd, K.C.B., & Lady Moyra Loyd, of Geldeston Hall, Beccles, Suffolk

VANDYK



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THE TATLER & BYSTANDER

19 OCTOBER 1960



PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE

Need space for three guest lists, three
debs sharing a late coming-out hit on
the historic Middle Temple Hall. Their

NIGHT TEMPLAR

was one of the best dances of the year,
with the novelty of peeping at the floor
through a minstrels' screen (this page)

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



NIGHT TEMPLAR CONTINUED

Guests had their invitations checked at the gate (left). Arriving here: Miss Annabel Lawrence and Mr. Richard Riddell. Below: Miss Hermione Grimston, received by Miss Deborah Walker-Smith and her mother, Lady Walker-Smith



American store magnate Mr. Huntington Hartford at the bar; Mr. Jonathan Riley-Smith and Miss Vivien Lloyd with milkshake



BY MURIEL BOWEN

IT WAS Sir Derek Walker-Smith, Bt., who picked the Middle Temple for the coming-out dance his daughter, **Deborah**, shared with Miss **Merry Williams-Wynne** (daughter of Col. & Mrs. John Williams-Wynne), and the **Hon. Penelope Plowden** (daughter of Lord & Lady Plowden). The Middle Temple Hall is an architectural gem dreamed up by one of Lord Plowden's ancestors in the 1500s. It also happens to be wonderfully convenient for Sir Derek's chambers. So at 2.30 a.m., not having to worry unduly about his guests, as they were already absorbed in their surroundings, Sir Derek was able to slip away to the quiet of his office.

Half an hour later the music stopped. Lady Plowden, Mrs. Williams-Wynne (a regal figure with a diamond tiara) and Lady Walker-Smith got in line for the second round of their marathon (600 a time) handshake. Lord Plowden and Col. Williams-Wynne stood by, happy but—not surprisingly in the circumstances—a teeny bit tired. (Lord Plowden is chairman of British Aluminium and Col. Williams-Wynne is Lord Lieutenant of Merionethshire.) Meanwhile Sir Derek was seated at his

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Mr. Tom Troubridge and Miss Venetia Merry, daughter of Lady Mancroft



Miss Caroline Boothby, daughter of Sir Hugo Boothby, Bt., and Mr. Nicholas Branch sat out with drinks on the carpet





Lady Plowden with her daughter, the Hon. Penelope Plowden



Mrs. John Williams-Wynne with Miss Merry Williams-Wynne



Miss Isabel Cazenove and Mr. Martin Wells, in front of a portrait of the first Marquess of Reading

NIGHT TEMPLAR CONCLUDED

desk, clearing up the points that a daughter's party tend to interfere with, and he reappeared later, full of energy, full of bounce, and a cat-that's-got-the-cream smile. "Just a little something to keep me going over the weekend," he said as he plonked a heavy briefcase on a table. For him that little trip to the office was the final success of the evening.

It was a wonderful party, full of the great and the interesting, the gay and the amusing. **Lord Goddard**, the 88-year-old former Lord Chief Justice, was there. So were **Mr. Henry Brooke**, Minister of Housing, and **Dame Barbara Brooke**. When she suggested going home it was he who suggested staying on. As he pointed out with a wry smile: "It's not often that we get asked to these things." The setting alone would have made invitation coveted. The Middle Temple Hall, with its splendid oak beams, paintings by Van Dyck and armorial shields in multi-coloured profusion, kept the guests fascinated all evening.

The young people included **Miss Philippa Rugg**, **Lady Lemina Gordon**, **Mr. Richard Sachs** (grandson of Lord Goddard), **Miss Lorraine Allen**, **Lord Fermoy**, **Miss Jeannette Constable-Maxwell**, **Miss Teresa Buckingham**, **Mr. John Walker-Smith**, **Mr. Richard Williams-Bulkeley**, **Count Nicolo Sella** (over from Rome for a month), and the **Hon. Lindy Lewis** (she is one of the backroom girls in the TV section at Tory Central Office).

Mr. John Waite, an alert young barrister, informed me that the most interesting women he meets at coming-out dances are always over 80. "I really do enjoy old ladies because they're invariably excited about having a night out. I met one some time ago who said that she hadn't enjoyed herself so much since the night Mafeking was relieved." (That was in 1900.) Such guests, though, on this particular night were more or less segregated. For parents, dinner-party hosts and hostesses, and the more elderly relations there was what the young disrespectfully dubbed "The V.I.P. Room." This was suitably remote, with plenty of comfortable chairs of the more solid variety, a buffet, and arrangements of flowers in the yellow and coppery tints of autumn. The judges use it to take their coffee.

Sir Watkin & Lady Williams-Wynn, who had a charming dinner party earlier at the Berkeley to which I went, qualified for the V.I.P. Room. Lady Williams-Wynn told me that it was a coup to get her husband from Wales specially for the dance. He normally only visits London to see his dentist. Others in the V.I.P. Room: **Mr. & Mrs. David Woodbine Parish**, **Brig. Bruce Hay**, **Sir Raynor & Lady Arthur**, and **Mme. Iribarren**, wife of the Venezuelan Ambassador. **Capt. Giles Plowden** was also there, but not without a skirmish with higher authority. He was mistaken for "the young" but rightly pointed out that he had been a dinner-party host, was married, and a nephew of Lady Plowden!

For the débutantes and their friends there was a room set up as a night club. Just what went on there I don't know, but that pillar of the Middle Temple, **Mr. Kenneth Carpmael, Q.C.**, went off in search of what he called "the little black room." He was never seen again in the V.I.P. Room.



Guests at the soft drinks and fruit bar



Mr. Marcus Humphreys, Mr. Giles Wontner and Lady Lemina Gordon



Miss Virginia McGregor, Mr. Simon Tait, Mr. Julian Barrow & Miss Ann Lloyd-Davies

Miss Vanessa Cardew and Mr. Christopher Dodie

Another party— and more nights out to come . . .

BY MURIEL BOWEN

VAN HALLAN



Prince Nicholas Galitzine with Lady Aylwen



Sir George Aylwen and Miss Amelia Freedman

THE DEBUTANTE WORLD is really spinning round again after the lull of the summer. The evening after the Middle Temple affair, with the rain hitting the windscreen like pellets, I drove down to Surrey for the coming-out dance of Sir William & Lady McFadzean's younger daughter, Angela.

For Sir William this has been a memorable year. His organization of the British Industries Fair in New York rides like a legend on the other side of the Atlantic. Indeed his recent knighthood—a recognition of his work in persuading foreigners to have confidence in this country's industrial ability and drive.

He won't have to make any such efforts to get his daughter into the swirl of things. She's such a pretty and vivacious girl.

The dance was at Garthland, the McFadzeans' home near Woldingham, and it was preceded by a sumptuous dinner-party at Dorincourt Hotel. I gathered that it was Sir William's sixth dinner-party of the week, but his first in the interests of debbaery. There was dancing in a marquee which adjoined the house, and also in the "Night Club," a blacked-out affair with red lights (normally the garage). Guests included Miss Priscilla Stafford-Clark, Miss Deborah Comonte, Miss Sarah Richardson, Miss Helen Hayes, Mr. James Harvie-Watt, Mr. Jonathan Scarlett (his father, Sir Peter Scarlett, has just been appointed our Minister at the Vatican), and Mr. Brian Coates.

There was no problem when it came to providing relief for the band. Mr. Barry McFadzean took over with a few college friends. He's just down from Christ Church (and has embarked on accountancy). "I play for the junior dances at the Ski Club once a week," he told me. "I get £6 or £7 for the evening—much better pay than accountancy." What was the band leader's candid impression of his stand-in? "I always look out for him at the young people's dances. He's not like some of them amateurs—he plays really well, you know."

Garthland is a fascinating house, a unique blend of charm and modern conveniences. An Australian device that feeds the fire automatic-

ally with logs wasn't the one I'd like most to have at home, but it was certainly the most amusing.

THE COMMITTEE ROUND

It's the season for charity committee meetings. Indeed just this time of year there are never quite enough people to be wined, flattered, and wooed with the promise of a wonderful evening to follow. Last week there were five big committee meetings and four, for some inexplicable reason, were at precisely the same time and bang in the middle of the rush hour. Lord Huntingfield's party (in connection with a charity performance for the Greater London Fund for the Blind) happened to be on a night with nothing else on, so naturally he had the biggest party of all—and the jolliest.

It was at the Cavalry Club (a good choice as nobody would ever admit to not knowing where it was), and plans were announced for the charity performance of Lady Aylwen's play *Invitation to Saturn* which is to be performed at the Scala Theatre on 8 November. The Marchioness of Donegall is doing the costumes ("Just as well I love sewing, as I don't have a machine").

Refreshments first. Then business; and it went like this:

Lady Victor Paget: "Old friends, I so nearly said old familiar faces but that would never have gone down. . . ."

Lady Aylwen (in wonderfully husky voice): "It is 759,000 miles to Saturn so the tickets are really very inexpensive at 50 gns. I hope you will all take the 50-guinea ones. . . ."

Miss Frances Murphy, organizer: "Now I know we've got quite a lot of managing directors here, what about space in the programme at 50 gns. with two 10 gn. tickets thrown in? Nobody wants any . . .? Well, I know you're terribly shy so I'm going to have members of the committee go through the crowd and tell you all about it. . . ."

Back to refreshments. As I left I had a word with Lord Huntingfield. "Can't tell you what

the play is like, but the financial side is going to be all right," he said. He's the honorary treasurer.

There was a traffic jam outside St. James's Palace before the meeting to discuss the world première of *Man in the Moon*, which the Queen and other members of the royal family will attend—but then it's not every day people have an opportunity of seeing the inside of St. James's Palace. The film is to be shown at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on 31 October and it will be in aid of King George's Jubilee Trust. Lady Parker of Waddington, the deputy chairman, tells me that the tickets have gone "frightfully well." All the 25 gn. seats have gone, but there are still a few left at the cheaper prices. Lady Weeks asked that evening dress with decorations be worn. "The Queen and Prince Philip prefer it that way," she said.

Then on to the Austrian Embassy in Belgrave Square where Princess Schwarzenberg, wife of the Austrian Ambassador, was hostess at a committee meeting—the first ever in connection with Queen Mary's Needlework Guild. When Queen Mary was alive no public appeal was ever made and no publicity was allowed, but Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has agreed that both are necessary if the Guild is to continue its work of providing clothes for the distressed.

Helen Duchess of Northumberland got through the business of the meeting at a smart canter, because when I arrived from St. James's Palace all that remained was a beautiful drawing-room, and plenty of champagne. The people had gone. There are still some tickets for the charity performance in connection with the Guild. This is an evening recital by Miss Joan Sutherland at St. James's Palace on 27 October. The Queen Mother will be present; also the Princess Royal.

As well as the committee meetings, the Christmas Fairs are also upon us. I notice that Lady Currie has got in one of the first with The Flying Angel Fair. It will open at 11.30 a.m. on Thursday 27 October at Londonderry House.

Mr. John Rothwell, Miss Cecilia Darby, Mr. Marcus Edwards, who works in the Foreign Office, and Miss Anne Oggier



A BALL AT EASTNOR

Guests danced in the castle home of the Somers family at Ledbury, Herefordshire, to help raise funds for the Church of England Children's Society

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL CRANLEY



Miss Caroline Edwards and Miss Cecilia Darby



Indignity in a good cause for a heraldic horse and a suit of armour. The first Earl Somers built the castle in 1814



Mr. John Ireland and Miss Marjory Kemp



The Hon. Kirstin Lowther



Lady Barbara Bossom with Mr. Robin Dove and Mr. Philip Archer



Finola Lady Somers, was one of the local Charity committee who organized the ball



The Hon. Mrs. Hervey-Bathurst, Lady Somers's daughter, lives at Eastnor Castle



Mr. John Blair and Miss Claire Darby

Mental

PPS

to a holiday

BY FLEUR COWLES

THOSE holiday memories soon disappear but there are a few backward glances so satisfying that they are worth recording—if only to relive their pleasures.

... **The way** the first few days abroad are spent in a desperate attempt to keep up with the news—and, after that, not to.

... **The discovery** that there's so little difficulty in doing so. As soon as three or four days separate you from London, certain helpful circumstances occur. First of all, there's the strange magnetism of the English-language newspaper for all English-speaking foreigners: they get to the daily papers first. By the time the Englishman arrives at a kiosk, the news-dealer is always sold out to French or Spanish or Portuguese gentry or to home-hungry Americans grasping everything and anything written in the Iowa or Kansas City language.

... **The confusion** when you do locate your favourite paper. It doesn't count—it's always *that* old. A look at the date doesn't help; no true sybarite would ever know the day of the week or the month. What you do find are tired, thumb-worn London newspapers which have been collected from dustbins by tiny gremlins, taken to mysterious newspaper-laundries, where they are washed and dusted to look neat and clean again. Since you are always in such happy oblivion about the calendar, you grab them quickly, gobble up the outdated events and make quick peace with your lazy conscience.

... **The memory** that this habit of ironing newspapers is not entirely original: I remember, when I was very little, travelling from the U.S.A. to very grand friends who lived in a vast baronial hall here in England. In those vaulted chambers no respectable breakfast tray ever held a morning paper that hadn't first been crisped by the butler before a roaring morning fire. When it reached each bedroom, it was still gently warm and, oh, how those pages turned... which also reminds me that there's a paper-money laundry in Hong Kong. Certain very dirty paper notes go there to be washed and pressed (and not for the best reasons, either). Clean and crisp, they then slip back into a furtive money-stream.

... **The uncertainty** of *what is the right time to dine*. If you weren't on holiday this could plague you. But the fact is that the Australians and the Danes tend to dine at an early six-thirty, yet the Greeks and the Spaniards prefer to do it as much as six hours later. Dinner after midnight is no rarity—especially with the diplomatic set. One evening in Portugal, not so long ago, we sat down to dine at an "early ten o'clock." Exactly one night later, aboard a British ship headed for Tilbury, we were advised that it would please the personnel if passengers sat down to dine promptly ("seven forty-five would

be just right!"). If you are anything like a wanderer, what *can* your stomach think?

... **The pleasure** of spending money on things to bring home—no matter who you are or what amounts are spent. With luck you can be in the right village, on the right Feast Day, and find the right big market in progress. To the local peasants for whom it is really arranged, it means gossip, haggling, eating, covering their backs and furnishing their huts and homes. To a foreigner like me, it can mean walking away like a gypsy, laden with a mad assortment of purchases—from the baby mule I left with English friends now living near Lisbon to unexpected antiques. These household treasures are found piled, just like onions and potatoes, under tattered awnings on rickety carts. No one would think of discussing their origin. In such markets there is something of everything a Portobello Road and a Petticoat Lane would embrace—and just as much atmosphere—plus saddlery and donkeys.

... **The weakness** that is always uncovered in any market place (and don't ask me why) for such things as: a cowbell, preferably old, preferably ancient; native embroidery, preferably a fisherwoman's skirt; folk art, preferably primitive plates, native shoes, no matter what kind. (Why is it I always prefer them to whatever I'm wearing?) These are things I've never been able to resist.

... **The taste**, the lasting and delicious taste, of odd but delicious food eaten *en route*—of which a few most recent memories from Spain and Portugal stand out sharply. An Andalusian speciality, smoked fillet of wild boar, which has the consistency of roast beef and the taste of smoked ham. . . . The sardine, a word used loosely in both countries to describe a fish which is anything from an inch to a foot in size. Regardless of its length, it is always eaten just after being plucked from the sea and it is always superb (French-fried if tiny, grilled over hot twigs otherwise, or grilled over live coals in a place like Lisbon's Ritz Hotel). . . . The tinned sardine roe in Portugal, memorable when added to an omelette. . . . The almond soup of Southern Spain, also an Andalusian speciality, made after pounding almonds and garlic to the finest possible powder in a mortar, served ice-cold and gleaming white, with pale green grapes floating inside.

... **The price** that has to be paid for all this—and not just in money. It's personified by my new-found Spanish word, *melchina*, named after a certain tyre. The word is used (always affectionately, since the Latins like their women fleshy) to describe that inevitable but monstrous addition to the torso after every holiday—the fat tyre round a lady's waist. Yes, I mean mine. . . .





Lights!

PHOTOGRAPHS

Mr. Barry McFadzean, Angela's brother, filmed the party with a cine camera equipped with floods. Muriel Bowen writes about the dance, which was at Woldingham, on page 145



Sir William & Lady McFadzean and their daughter Angela await the guests



Mr. H. Whitworth Jones with Lady Blake, sister of Lady McFadzean



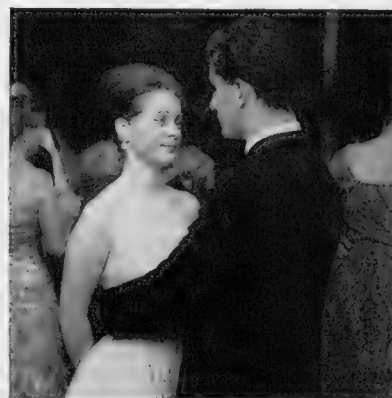
Miss Jane Beazley dancing with Mr. J. Fielden in the marquee beside the house



Mr. Hugh Macdonald, who formed a band with Mr. Barry McFadzean at school



Lights for the filmed record of Angela McFadzean's dance in Surrey



Miss Deborah Comonte (she had her dance last month) & Mr. Jerome Foster



Mr. Simon Cock and Miss Priscilla Stafford-Clark

Left: Miss Jane Tillard and Mr. Jonathan Scarlett



Sir William McFadzean with Mrs. D. Breeden, formerly ballerina June Brae

Action...

DESMOND O'NEILL



Fl.-Lt. J. R. White with loud-hailer was official starter. His wife, seen with him, was trials secretary. The event, revived after an eight-year lapse, was at Monks Gate, Horsham



Mrs. D. F. Oliver, from Wendover, came third in the Open Event on Seaman



Miss Denise Butler competed in the Ladies' Open event on Windsor Park



Miss Judith O'Halloran on Silver Susie on which she came second in the Pairs



Miss Angela Martin Bird (14) came third in the Pairs

Action for competitors at the Crawley & Horsham Hunt trials in Sussex



Judges in a farm wagon: Miss Diana Veale, Mr. J. Hicks & Mr. H. Johnson



Miss Elfryth Fleming (14): first in the Novices and third in Members and Pairs



Miss Lisa Smedley clears a fence in the Open Event on Mariners Log



Miss Jill Jones and Gay Spark, with the cup they won for the Open Event

KEEP POLITICS OFF THE ROAD

As more and more new cars pour from the factories new restrictions are constantly devised for the motorist, usually in the name of safety.

Here GORDON WILKINS puts the propaganda in perspective with facts that speak for themselves

ROAD ACCIDENTS are exaggerated in this country by politicians, the Church, press, radio and television out of all proportion to their real significance. Politicians cynically play up the driver's responsibility to divert attention from the government's refusal to spend road taxes on the roads, and from the fact that the paltry road budget is often wasted on building new death traps. Adding to the clamour are the cranks who hate motor cars on principle and the Puritan element which continues to equate the automobile with licentious and anti-social pleasures. And helping to perpetuate the distorted picture are press, radio and TV feature writers who work at such pressure that they tend to let clichés take the place of rational analysis.

A typical example of the process was the preliminary release from the Ministry of



The biggest accident Black Spot is not found on the roads—but in homes and factories. Pictures: Royal Society for Prevention of Accidents

“The average motorist travels the distance to the moon and back without injuring anyone”

For every seven children killed on the roads ten die from accidents in their homes

“Out of every 50 pedestrians hurt or killed by vehicles only 22 are struck by private cars”

The number of children poisoned accidentally is rising. Old people, too, really mistake bottles

“There are nearly as many road casualties involving defective bicycles as defective cars”

Injuries at work easily outnumber casualties on Britain's crowded roads and streets

“British motorists have a good claim to be considered the safest in the world”

Transport on their analysis of Christmas road accidents. This simply revealed that a high proportion of the people involved in the accidents had been drinking. The press, including even the *Top People's* paper, went to town with routine fulminations against the drunken driver. When the complete analysis came out later, the big feature was the high proportion of accidents involving drunken pedestrians. This conflicted so inconveniently with the popular picture of road accidents that it has been resolutely ignored by most writers ever since.

The fact is that British cars and British motorists have a good claim to be considered the safest in the world. Road deaths in this country at roughly 6,000 per annum are about the same as accidental deaths in the home and they are sometimes lower at holiday times than during the normal working week. Yet the newspapers feature holiday road casualties like cricket scores but never mention the toll of home deaths which goes on at the same time. If we had road deaths at the same rate in relation to population as our Continental neighbours, our death roll would be anything up to 10,000 per annum.

Our figures for road injuries are grossly exaggerated by the legal obligation to report every physical hurt, however slight. Three out of four involve cuts, bruises or sprains which go unrecorded in any other form of human activity. Only one in four of road “victims” is hurt badly enough to finish up in the hospital or the morgue, a total of 75,000 a year, which is incredibly low for a population of 50 millions milling around on the most crowded roads in the world. It is insignificant beside the horrifying but rarely mentioned figures for people who are injured at work. One lawyer specializing in industrial disablement cases has computed that the staggering total of 800,000 people per annum are injured at work in Britain and are laid up for an average of four weeks. Here is a shattering tale of blood and suffering virtually ignored by politicians, press and radio.

Incidentally, for the facts on accidents at work, I am indebted to a *Daily Mail* review of a book, *Accidents and Ill Health at Work*, by J. L. Williams. They gave it 1½ inches, compared to the pages devoted by all newspapers to road casualties.

Laurence Pomeroy, technical journalist and publicist, has been at work with his slide rule and has come up with some remarkable figures. Private cars form 60 per cent of the vehicles in use in this country, but they are only involved in 38 per cent of the accidents where people get hurt. The average motorist travels the distance to the moon and back without injuring anyone

and to the moon and back five times before he kills anyone by his own negligence. Taking the latest figures available (1958), one death in 100 came as a result of a road accident and one in 250 as a result of an accident to a private car.

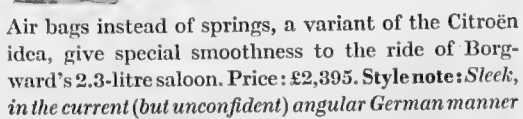
Pedestrians are in a minority among accident victims. For every 150 people killed or injured in or on road vehicles, there are only 50 pedestrian victims. And of these 50 pedestrians, only 22 are struck by private cars.

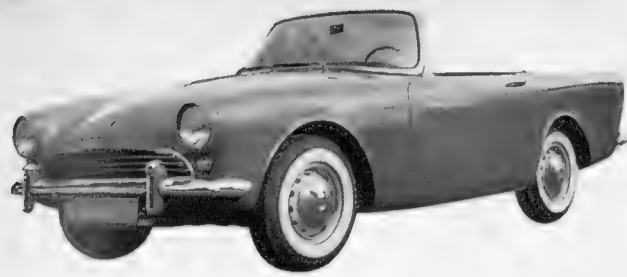
The problem, such as it is, is not Death on the Roads, but Death on the Streets. One hundred and forty are killed or badly hurt in built-up areas for every 64 on the open road. As built-up areas already have a general 30 m.p.h. speed limit, we have obviously got to look to better segregation and urban motorways which eliminate cross-road encounters if we are to see any great improvement here.

When introducing some new restriction it is usual for a government spokesman to proclaim righteously that no measure must be neglected if it can bring any reduction in the accidents, however small. This means no measure which can be imposed without costing the Treasury anything. The traffic wardens are a splendid example of a politically sound road measure. In two weeks they issued tickets for £5,452 in fines, which shows a handsome profit when their wages have been paid. However, the hard truth is that no matter what pains and penalties you inflict on the private motorist, six casualties out of ten will continue to happen, because no motorist is involved in them.

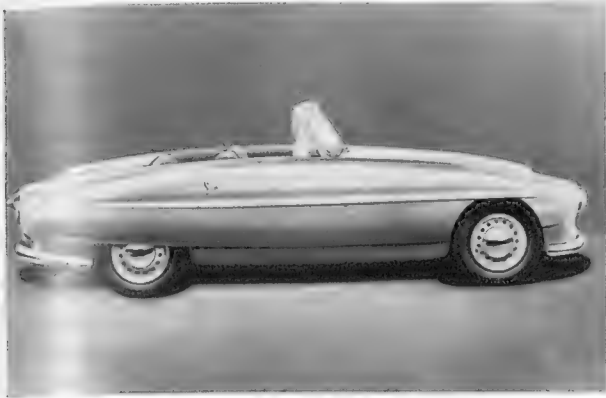
The illogical political approach to the subject is perfectly illustrated by the inspection scheme for old cars. Next year this will cost car owners one million pounds and as it develops it will cost motorists up to £7 million per annum. It will take up the time of thousands of skilled men who should be repairing and maintaining vehicles and it will grossly overload garages already unable to cope with the repair and service work on offer. The answer of Mr. Marples is the usual “No measure must be neglected . . .” refrain. But here's a nasty inconvenient fact. There are nearly as many road casualties involving defective bicycles as there are involving defective private cars (nearly 1,900 in 1958). These casualties could be saved for a fraction of the cost in money and man-hours involved in the motor-vehicle inspection system. So what is being done about faulty bicycles? Nothing whatever. Perhaps it isn't considered politically expedient.

It's a strange story. But as you go to Earls Court to choose your new car, here's my awe-struck hurrah for the long-suffering, over-taxed, patient and cautious British motorist.





Neatest looks of any British sports car are the plus of the Sunbeam Alpine which now has a nippier engine. Another plus is a detachable hardtop roof for winter snugness. Price: £971. **Style note:** *A pity the interior isn't as neat, too*



A resurrected marque and an all-new car to go with it are the something different on Lea-Francis, who've been out of production for some years. Price: £2,096. **Style note:** *Judge not reserved on this early impression*



Speed that will outpace any other small car is the extra that comes with the Abarth 850 Bialbero, an Italian special based on Fiat. Price: £2,291. **Style note:** *The classical Italian gran turismo outline, echoed internationally*

Four headlamps in the American manner for the first time in Britain. Humber's luxurious Super Snipe (following Land Rover and Fiat) takes up a trend that is booked to sweep Europe. Price: £1,453. **Style note:** *Resemblance to Chevrolet of the mid-50s is heightened by this U.S. touch, tastefully applied*



Headlamps back on stalks again are the hard-pushed novelty on Chrysler's 350 h.p. Imperial—an idea so silly that it can be confidently expected to be copied in Britain. Price: Indefinite, but in the £5,000 class. **Style note:** *Originally the best of the fin designs, but not any more*



Immense carrying capacity and easy loading are the sure draw of the Morris Oxford Traveller (by Farina), one of the growing crop of station wagons. Price: £946. **Style note:** *Why ape Ford with that grooved chrome under the tail lights?*

Outstanding elegance is Renault's extra on the Floride, and there is a practical addition in the clip-on hardtop. The engine is a hotted-up version of the Dauphine's. Price: £1,216. **Style note:** *So pretty, but revealing that designers never quite know what to do with a bonnet when there isn't an engine under it*



CARS WITH EXTRAS SAVLXEH ILM SRVC CARS WITH EXTRAS SAVLXEH ILM SRVC CARS WITH EXTRAS SAVLXEH ILM SRVC

LORD KILBRACKEN

Honeymoon at the wheel

WHEN you read the staggering attendance figures it is obvious that the Motor Show provides the biggest single example of mass masochism in the London year. The Englishman's car is his god—as may be confirmed on any Sunday in the back streets and mews of Kensington and Chelsea, where the washing, the polishing, the tinkering and the shammying go on all morning in accepted ritual, like a religious ceremony. And he goes to Earls Court to pay longing unfaithful homage to the bigger, brighter and better gods, which he knows very well he cannot yet afford.

I went through all that four months ago, and ended by actually *buying* a car I couldn't afford, so I will not submit myself to the new torture of seeing once again all the alternatives I might have chosen, and of wondering if I did right. My die has been cast, my Rubicon crossed, and I have philosophically accepted that my Vauxhall Estate Car will be my automotive bride for the next two or three years. I won't even *look* at another woman—yet.

What puzzles me about all these new models they sell is who actually buys them? Take my new Vauxhall. I've owned about seven cars altogether, but this is the only brand-new car I've ever bought. My first car was a 1928 Austin Seven, very gay and jaunty, named Diana after my girl friend of the moment. I bought it for a fiver in Oxford in 1940. I painted Diana yellow (the car, I mean) and she conveyed me and Diana (the girl) to Henley and back, to Headington and back, and to one or two romantic and secluded hill-tops outside the city.

I then made the mistake of setting out on the immensely long run to London, and Diana (the car) expired somewhere in the Chilterns and, for all I know, is still there today. (I don't know what has happened to the human Diana either.)

I replaced my Baby Austin with a rather sedate, rather prim Morris 10 of uncertain age, which I bought for £11, after much bargaining, from a flight-sergeant at Netheravon, where I

was learning to fly. This car's active life was even shorter than Diana's. She propelled me around Salisbury Plain for a week or two, but cannot have appreciated the 100-octane petrol which was somehow always fed to airmen's thirsty vehicles. On a long hill, on a rainy night in inky darkness, she ground to a gloomy standstill, and I discovered most of her engine in little bits and pieces on the road behind me.

I walked back to camp and got a pound for the remains from a benevolent scrap merchant.

During the next four years, I had a quasi-proprietary interest in a Hawker Hart, a Fairey Swordfish, a Vought-Sikorsky Chesapeake and a Fairey Barracuda, which were successively placed at my disposal by a magnanimous Admiralty—but no car. When, at the advanced age of 24, I attained the exalted rank of lieutenant-commander, a grateful nation finally rewarded me with the use of a motor bike—a shiny new B.S.A. In this I tore all over Scotland, but there was no hope of holding on to it when I stopped being a sailor, and I owned no means of personal transportation for a long half-decade.

Those were the hitch-hiking years, and it took time to repay the deep debt of miles which I owed the world after them. I hitched from London to Paris; from Paris to Monte Carlo (twice); from Monte to Italy, over the Alps to Switzerland and back to Paris again; not to mention dozens of free rides all over the British Isles. It wasn't till 1950 that I prevailed on Lord Nuffield (as I have recounted recently) to lend me that Morris Oxford, and I became personally mobile again.

It was nice to have a new car at my disposal, and it held up pretty well to the test I put it to, which must be nearly the most demanding run in the world, outside the Iron Curtain: from Calais to Calcutta. I got as far as Persia without any troubles at all, except a flat tyre in Athens after taking the car through a good many rivers on the road from Salonika. (The bridges had almost all been destroyed in the recent civil war.) There was also rather an

alarming moment when the roof-rack fell off, laden with all my worldly goods and 20 gallons of petrol, on a mountain road in Western Greece, but that was probably *my* fault.

In Persia, I must admit, the suspension more or less fell to pieces, but Persian roads are unlike any others in the world, and should really be tackled only in Land-Rovers. I entered Baluchistan with one rear spring from an abandoned Ford, and the other rear spring from an abandoned Chevvy, discovered on a rubbish dump by great good luck in the oasis of Zahidan, and miraculously adapted by a mechanical genius, a bearded Arab named Ali.

I left the Morris among the Maoris in New Zealand and, on my return in 1951, bought my first car for ten years: an old Ford V8 station wagon, for £75, in Athlone. It did everything I asked of it, which was quite a bit, for a year or so, and I traded it for a second-hand Consul. This, in the fullness of time, gave way to a second-hand Wolseley, which gave sterling service, and is now in the hands of a traveling circus; the Wolseley for another Consul (the de luxe model, this time, and not quite as second-hand as the others had been). Then, this year, I finally convinced myself of the well-known argument that it's really cheaper, in the end, to buy a *new* car. In fact, that one can't afford *not* to.

So I did. In the five months since then, I seem to have covered nearly 10,000 miles, but I still have the same kind of illusion as a recently married man, who believes—so perfect is his bliss—that he is still on honeymoon, though the wedding was over months ago. I want to keep this illusion going, just as long as possible, before the marital pleasure palls and I begin to cast a roving eye elsewhere, whether towards the nifty little sports model which vamps me from street corners from time to time, or towards the higher-powered, more ample, flashier type, which could be an expensive mistress. In all the circumstances, it would be an act of honeymoon infidelity for me to inspect the Earls Court harem. I'll stay away.

Latest artist to join the comeback in murals is Lady George Scott, sister-in-law of the Duchess of Gloucester, who paints under the name of Molly Bishop. She has completed these ceiling and wall murals in the summer house of the Old Rectory, Farnborough, home of Mr. Patrick Lawrence (opposite) at Wantage, Berkshire. Mr. Lawrence, seen with his Labrador "Ruski," is the son of the late Sir Walter Lawrence. He and his wife (daughter of Sir Vernon Dupre, Bt.) have two children, Henrietta, 14 and Mark, seven. Mr. Lawrence is a keen cricketer and has played for three counties—Hertfordshire, Essex and Berkshire. Photograph by BARRY SWAEBE



Always something

Ever since Henry Ford said his piece about giving 'em any colour they liked as long as it was black there's . . .

NEW in

at the Motor Show. It's practical, it's discreet (it even makes a car look smaller), and it's never less than okay. And what goes for cars goes for so much else that's new . . . the newest black wool **dress**, rethought by Bazaar into a pouched top above a long skirt (26 gns.). The girl holds Aston Martin's Show car, the DB 4, available in black, of course (£3,967 15s. 10d.). All in black for the table, Arabia's **teapot** (19s. 9d.), and corked **cream bottle** (7s. 9d.), and **oil bottle** and **condiment set** (below, £1 19s. 6d., Danasco, at Woolland's). The black anodized aluminium box is imported by Finmar (to order from Liberty or Presents of Dover Street). From Denmark, a **black hide stool** (£13 15s., Heal's) and Arne Jacobsen's **black chair** (Liberty's, £114 15s.). On Humasco's white Vinyl tiles are two black **ashtrays** by Arne Jacobsen (Danasco 19s. 9d.), and Fornasetti's **ashtray** (Liberty's, £1 6s. 6d.). *Opposite:* Black for a hanging **lamp** (12 gns., Finnish Designs) and the hide of the Dutch **chair** (£22 10s. to order from Peter Jones). Below it, a black leather **coffee table** (Heal's, £16), and Fornasetti's **waste-paper basket** (£8 15s., Liberty). Black edges the brass **rubbing** of a medieval knight (from Roger Greenwood's show at Heal's, 5 gns.). The dream-sized **panda** (£20 15s. from Harrods) holds a black **salad bowl** (£2 0s. 6d. Danasco). A white candle needs a black **candlestick** (Finmar, to order from Liberty or Presents of Dover Street). The **pepper mill** (*top right*) is a Danasco import (£1 19s. 3d.). Black Venini glass makes a huge **fruit bowl** (to order from Liberty or Presents) and black makes the pattern of Conran's **fabrics** "Curiosities" (16s. 6d. a yard from Liberty's). Black as jet is the 5-row cascade of **necklace** and **ear-rings** (3½ gns. and 9 gns. from Paris House). Ericsson's new **auto phone** is at last available from G.P.O., Arabia **sauceboat** (13s.) and **small bowl** (3s. and, like other Danasco items shown, from Heal's or Woolland's).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160

BLACK

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PRISCILLA CONRAN





Always something **NEW in BLACK** *continued*

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN...

You don't have to know the language to appreciate the cut. But remember that the accent is Latin—as in the case of these six versions of “the little black dress”—still fashion's safest bet for the evening hours between cocktails and dinner. The originals were starred in the recent Italian collections and now they are obtainable in London either ready-to-wear or made-to-order in faithful translations

The high neckline plunges low at the back in the dress of black tulle (opposite) designed by Fornari. The waist is fitted and the narrow skirt ends in a deep pleated hem defined with a trimming and bow of black satin. Available in most sizes ready-to-wear in this and other printed and plain materials. It can also be made to special orders, price: 29½ gns. All the dresses shown are made by Debenhams & Freebody who bought the Italian originals. They also have the tasselled pearl and gilt rope and the Otto Lucas hat of tiny black cut feathers

The apron front spirals to reveal tiered underskirts in a dress of fine black wool and black satin from Schubert of Rome. The underskirts are faced with the same satin used for filling in the deep neckline highlighted with a cluster of ermine tails. Made to order only, price: about 68½ gns. Necklet of multi-coloured stone by Cis of Paris and the black satin flowerpot hat swathed with tulle by Otto Lucas are also at Debenhams

PHOTOGRAPHS: PETER CLARK

Billowing clouds of pure silk black chiffon mounted on an underslip of black silk satin make this original model from Roberto Capucci, Rome's youngest designer. The bias-cut skirt is edged with ruchings of the chiffon as is the bolero. The dress will be copied to individual orders only on application to the Gainsborough Room at Debenham's. Prices vary in accordance with the materials chosen. Multi-coloured pendant ear-rings by Christian Dior from the jewellery department



Figure-fitting, a short dinner dress by Fanucchi. The material is black cut velvet and the dress has a high neckline that plunges to a deep V at the back. The skirt is slit up the back to show a plain black satin underslip. Available ready-to-wear, price: 39½ gns.

The Dior rhinestone necklet is also obtainable at Debenham's





Young and gay, a dress from Simonetta, the leading Italian woman designer, in Seker's *Vivace*, a mixture of silk and nylon that is feather-light and virtually uncrushable. The dress is full-skirted with a high waistline and wide stand-away collar. Bows on the shoulders provide the only trimming. Ready-to-wear in the original material, price: 39½ gns. Christian Dior choker of pearls and coloured rhinestones from the jewellery department



Dramatic lines of a dress in black wool ottoman stress the tailoring skill of Fabiani of Rome. The wide, bare neckline, the defined but softly fitted waist are pointers to the trends of his collection. This model will be made to order only, with prices according to material chosen, on application to the Gainsborough Room. Otto Lucas hat of plaited black satin, velvet and lamé and the rhinestone bow brooch and ear-rings are also at Debenham's

*TRANSLATED
FROM THE ITALIAN
concluded*



THE WORLD'S TWO GREATEST HORSEMEN?

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALAN VINES

In a contest echoing their Olympic rivalry, Mr. David Broome (*left*), Britain's 20-year-old show-jumping star, won the final trophy at the Horse of the Year Show at Wembley to gain the Harringay Spurs, beating by two points Italy's gold-medallist Capt. Raimundo d'Inzeo (*right*). In the past months, Capt. d'Inzeo has twice carried off major first prizes leaving David Broome on Mr. Oliver Anderson's Sunsalve in third place (at the Olympics and at the World Show-Jumping Championship in Venice). Besides the excitement of their latest encounter, Wembley was enlivened by the riding of Miss Pat Smythe (*right*). Former winner of the Harringay Spurs, she came second equal in the national competition for the leading show-jumper of the year

—and perhaps the best of the ladies



The INTELLIGENT WOMAN'S *guide to motoring*

BY MARY MACPHERSON & SHEILA LOGUE

PROLOGUE

Since the first wheel was pushed awkwardly but hopefully over pre-historic ground, man has had a magical and powerful influence over machinery. And since a good many years before that, woman has had a magical and powerful influence over man. Unfortunately the average woman's influence over the average man begins to wane curiously as soon as she lays a hand on that most precious arrangement of nuts and bolts, electricity and dynamics—his motor car.

Not for nothing is a car known as she; from the twinkling smile on her radiator to the thoughtless way she behaves on a skiddy road, a motor car is completely female. And it follows that she doesn't much care for other females thinking they know how to deal with her.

These two factors—the universal lack of co-operation of the car, and the belief of all men that it must be *your* fault (she goes like an angel for *them*)—are what make driving an unfortunate experience for some women, and a disastrous one for others.

It need not be, we say boldly. Given a modicum of common sense and the ability to tell left from right (and if you can do *that* you're already one up on a lot of male drivers), any woman can reach a standard which is at least no worse than the ordinary man driver.

CHAPTER I

Learn to drive

This is where most women make their first big mistake. Far too many agree to let someone they know teach them how to drive. By all means allow a husband, brother or father to teach you cooking, upholstery or Gaelic; the odds are you will never make a soufflé, an armchair or a speech in the Hebrides—nor, on the other hand, will you be tempted to brain your teacher with a spanner. Allow any member of your family in a car with you before you have passed your test, and you will be in tears or the divorce court before you've moved into second gear.

Take your husband: he may well find you an enchanting little thing prattling away in the passenger seat, but watch his attitude change as you slide over behind the wheel. This is what will happen:

"Off we go then," you say confidently, as your husband gives a

last loving rub to the windscreen and settles nervously on the edge of his seat.

"Start it. Go on, start it then. Key in the ignition. *Ignition*, stupid," he snaps. "Checked your handbrake, have you? Wait a minute—that seat's too far back for you." He will reach under the seat, pull a lever, and before you know where you are your face will be pressed to the windscreen, and your elbows will be in a novel position up behind your ears.

"That's right—always see that you're comfortable before you start off," he says, offensively complacent. "Now, move off *gently—gently*. Up through the gears . . . we're coming to a corner—what are you going to do? . . . no, of course you're not—you're going to change down again."

He will lean out of the window to make sure you miss the kerb as you round the bend.

It is about now that the car, obedient to his unspoken directions, will refuse to move out of or into any gear whatsoever. It will leap hysterically along the road, suggesting to any onlookers about (there will be many) that last night it attended a cha-cha lesson at Arthur Murray's, and is eager to show how well it picked up the rudiments. Your husband will help you along by raising his voice and flinging himself back in the seat:



"Move into second gear . . . into third. No, you're not in third. Why can't you get into third? . . . Go back into second. . . ."

By now he is frankly screaming. And you would like to. But listen to him: "Stop fussing. Why are you so *nervous*? It's hopeless trying to teach you to drive if you lose your nerve all the time. You're just not trying, that's what it is. Now put your foot on the clutch. On the *clutch*, I said. That's the accelerator. Now *I'll* put it into third. There you see. . . . Look out!"

He has spotted some traffic lights on the horizon and grips your arm (something he'd kill you for doing if he were driving): "Change down. Go on, down. Give her some revs on the accelerator while your foot's on the clutch. Watch it, watch it. . . . Take your foot off the accelerator

and put it on the brake. Quick, brake. Brake, *brake*, you fool. Ahhhhh, we nearly had that car."

As should be apparent, this is roughly the worst way of learning to drive. In these conditions, the only thing you'll learn is that the man who promised to love and cherish you is falling down badly on the job.

Here are some other teaching hazards to be avoided:

1. The over-relaxed type of teacher: "*The best way to learn driving is to get in a car and go*" school, who take you down a crowded street market on your second lesson, and slump in their corner in a pantomime of sleep while you tussle with the gears on a crowded corner. You might as well be alone, for all the help you'll get from them.

2. The Mechanical Robot types, unable to grasp the fact that you not only don't know how to drive, but don't know a flywheel from flypaper either. Their directions will be littered with technical terms. "Don't prattle to me of armature heads" you will want to cry piteously, "when all I want to know is how to get out of this stall and stop all those other cars hooting."

3. The cautious, carefully-does-it type, who firmly believes you should know the rudiments of driving before you get into the car. "Now let's pretend your handbag is the

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

steering wheel, that cushion on the left is the clutch, the other cushion, that pink one, is the accelerator, and the ash tray is the brake—now where would you put your feet if you wanted to stop the car in a hurry?" This method will ensure that you lose all interest in driving before you've had a hand on the steering wheel. And also, incidentally, that you will have cigarette ends all over your carpet.

Avoid all these pests and call in an official driving school. They will give you a course of lessons, and charge you what seems quite a lot until you realize (a) that you are enjoying yourself, (b) you have a 90 per cent better chance of passing your test first time, and (c) even if you do bury your head in your hands at Hyde Park Corner, moaning "I can't, I can't! Make that bus go away," nothing drastic will happen, because the man from the driving school has an identical set of controls in front of him.

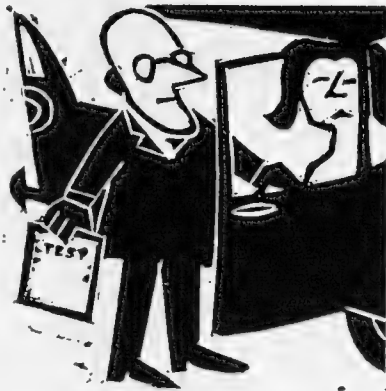
Also, in strange contrast to everybody else you have known, the man from the driving school will make a point of telling you what a good little driver you are going to be, and he's never seen steering picked up so quickly before. What a lovable, charming character he is, and how well he contrasts with your husband, who makes it plain that in his opinion you're not fit to drive a shopping basket on wheels. You'll feel so confident that you'll be well on the way to removing the mumbo-jumbo with which men like to surround a car and making the discovery that it is no more difficult to work than a washing machine.

CHAPTER 2

Passing the test

Tell your friends that you are about to take your driving test and you will get the same reaction as though you had announced you were going to have a baby, an operation, or an income tax return. "Poor you" they say. . . . "How terrible" they say. . . . "I could never go through it again" they say.

How true. It is every bit as alarming, embarrassing, painful and overwhelming as having a baby, an operation, or an income tax return.



For the man who gets coldly into your car in order to see whether you know how to use it may be the life and soul of his local, a loving husband, and a doting father. But on duty he acts like a man who is devoted only to Keeping Death Off The Road. And that may well mean you.

He will cringe in the far corner of the passenger seat and address his remarks to the passing landscape. You will feel that the last woman he failed sent in a bitter letter to the Ministry of Transport complaining that he had stroked her knee—and he certainly isn't going to be caught that way again. It's no use, therefore, leering across the gear lever as if to imply that in the same circumstances you would keep the Ministry of Transport in the dark—examiners are unvamping and unvampable. Rather than turn up in seductive frills, far better to invest in a pair of sturdy driving shoes that enable you to let the clutch out in one smooth movement instead of four jerky ones. The thing to remember is that your half hour of misery and shame is to the examiner 30 minutes of routine before he can get at his lunch.

The grim tone is set before you start driving, when he asks tersely and doubtfully whether you can read the numberplate of a stationary car 25 yards from where you are standing. In the face of his obvious disbelief it is strangely difficult to come right out and say "Yes, I can . . . LSD 3456." One is tempted to pass off this awkward moment by laughing lightly and saying "Which car?" Try it, and you will laugh alone. This is as good an illustration as any of the way in which an examiner can make a commonplace pleasantry sound as though you had said "*and after the test is over, I know a frightfully good place where they show dirty films.*"

Perhaps because his day passes in a haze of boredom the examiner relieves the monotony by cloaking his requests in archaic official language. You will find when taking your test that your mind is in a state of palsied nervousness,

and that the word "Stop" is difficult enough to decipher. How completely beyond you the whole thing becomes when you are asked To Bring The Vehicle To a Complete Halt Within the Next Ten Yards.

People do pass these tests, though, and some of them are women. They pass because, besides knowing how to drive adequately and safely (expertise is not expected at this stage), they know how to make it plain to the examiner. Taking it for granted that you know how to work a car, and that you are not going to run amok with that heady drunken feeling of eight horsepower throbbing below your feet, here are four ways of putting across the fact that you know what's what around a car:

1. Drive at a confident speed. Smugly snailing through the test at 15 m.p.h. and congratulating yourself on your caution is no good. He'll fail you because he suspects you dare not drive any faster, and would lose control if you did. We know several timid drivers who took the test slowly and failed; we know more who went a bit faster than they should, and passed (they were just warned to drive slower in future). Keep over-caution for crossing a main road. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that if you can see anything on the horizon, wait for it to go past.

2. Make a great play with the gears. For some curious psychological reason, an examiner is never happier than when he is being gently rocked back and forth by constant gear changes.

3. You can't make too many hand-signals. Indeed, if not busy changing gear with your left hand, you should be making signals with your right. Since hardly anybody puts a hand out of the car once they have passed the test, you may as well make the most of the opportunity now.

4. Never miss a chance to look in the rear-view mirror. Always adjust it before you start—an impressive ploy, which also helps to tide you over those first shaky moments when you've forgotten which button to press first. Once it's adjusted, look in it before you do almost anything. That is, assuming you can bear the sight of a hot, ruffled, tomato-red face peering anxiously back at you.

There comes a moment towards the end of all tests, however disastrous they seem to have been, when the examiner brings you to a halt at the side of the road. He inquires if you are familiar with the Highway Code, because he is going to ask you a few questions based on it. In recent weeks the Highway



Code has become such a big thing in your life that you tend to say caressingly to your husband when he leaves for the office, "Darling, do remember never to overtake on a hump-backed bridge"; but for all you remember of it now it might as well be 16 blank sheets stapled together.

So when you are asked to name seven situations in which you should not overtake, all that bubbles to the surface of your brain is the certain knowledge that if you should ever find yourself in charge of a cow on the road, you must place yourself between her and the traffic. And it's certainly no use handing that out with a placating air. So when your faltering explanation brings to a halt, he tots up the score, and tells you in a bracing, cheerful way that he is sorry but you haven't quite achieved the test standard. He can't tell you exactly where you went wrong (for some official reason this is not allowed) but whatever it is, you'd better polish it up before next time.

Or, in the voice of a B.B.C. newsreader announcing the outbreak of war, he says: "I am happy to tell you, Mrs. Smith, that you have passed your driving test."

CHAPTER 3

Driving his car

Don't think for one moment, just because the Ministry of Transport considers you a competent driver (and has given you a licence to confirm it), that this will prove anything at home. Your husband will not necessarily recognize you as a fit and proper person to drive *his* car. Though his attitude in public will be one of pride that you

managed to pass your test the first time (or the second or third or fourth)—he will, in fact, do his damndest to keep your destructive hands away from his wheel.

You can't help remembering how charming he was when you first confided your desire to learn to drive. How flattering his plans that you should enter rallies together. What has become of all those encouraging little promises he made (when he didn't think he'd ever have to implement them)?

"You'll be able to take over on the way down to the South of France," he said.

But what happens?

Once he has clamped his hands on the steering wheel, it will take a screwdriver to prise them off again. Though his head is nodding dangerously on his chest, and he complains bitterly of cramp in his accelerator foot, your turn never comes. "I'll just get her on to a bit of straight road," he says, and somehow the road is never straight enough. At the end of the day's journey he will moan miserably "200 miles without a break!" And it's the follow-up that gives you a clue to why you were not allowed to share his burden. "Made it in under four hours," he gloats. "Not bad going, eh?" You had reckoned without the fact that no man ever drives from A to B without trying to knock a minute or two off his previous record for the route. And he certainly doesn't want to share the credit with you.

"I've had to count the martinis at parties," he said, "You can always come home if I've had one too many."

But what happens?

He's had two too many and though he is not quite sure which of all those cars is his, once he's found it he insists on driving it. He reasons that if he feels lightheaded you are incapable. "You know how gin always affects you," he says, masterfully slipping his front door key into the ignition. And off you race into the night.

"You'll be able to use the car for shopping," he said, "on the days I don't need it."

But what happens?

First of all, the days when he doesn't need the car occur as often as leap-year. And even when they do, the suggestion that you take the car up to the High Street and back is greeted with the same consternation as if you were off on the Monte Carlo Rally.

The car has to be at its prime for your simple little expedition. "I think you might find the gear a bit stiff," he says, or "The clutch is sticking—you wouldn't enjoy driv-

ing her at the moment; wait until she's been serviced." And off he drives to the office as usual.

If you are allowed to use the car, your day has to be planned so that your husband will not be inconvenienced by his generous gesture. Naturally, he cannot be expected to travel all the way to the office by bus and train. You must drive him to the station at least, and collect him again at night. And as he steps out, he says: "As you've got the car today you might just collect my shoes from the repairer/



pick up my new suit/take my mother down to see her sister."

So you find that not only do you have to pay for four gallons of petrol, but you don't have a minute to spare for the shopping.

The reason for this possessive attitude is easy to see. For years he has been putting about the intricacies of his particular make of car, as though only he could start it on a cold morning, or nurse it up an icy hill. He doesn't want to run the risk of finding that it goes like a bird for you. Even worse, he foresees that once you are familiar with the car you will be able to interrupt his knowledgeable diagnoses of its little troubles. "She's shuddering a bit when I go into third," he tells a friend, "Dirty plugs, I should say." "Missing on one cylinder," you cut in crisply. And you're right, you tactless fool.

A man will boast to the world about his wife's cooking, her way with children, and her skill at the sewing-machine, but who has ever heard a man say: "My wife is a first-class driver?"

So borrowing his car is out. Nothing but arguments and recriminations, inspections and inquisitions, separations and divorces can come from it. If there is a tiny scratch on the off-side wing, you must have scraped it. If she's not pulling well in top, you have put in inferior petrol. If there is the smallest dimple in the bumper, you have parked carelessly. There'll be no peace until you buy your own.

CHAPTER 4

A woman's place on the road

You may as well face it that most men consider that a woman's place on the road is well into the left side, waiting until they have roared majestically by. Just as in having the vote, going to university, or travelling alone, a woman driving is still comparatively new. There's only been about 30 years to get used to it. A man, when he starts to drive, is taken for granted. He's got a licence, he owns a car, so there he is—a motorist. But when you and your car go out alone together, you will soon become aware of being a stranger round these parts. It is evident that all male drivers belong to a club you've never even heard of. Strange signals pass from taxi to bus; the chauffeur of a large car nods meaningfully as he overtakes a lorry; resigned smiles are exchanged at traffic jams.

But nobody so much as lifts an eyebrow at you. Why should they? A woman's presence on the road is regarded as (a) a joke, (b) a nuisance, or more often (c) a disaster. The few expert women motorists around are looked on as phenomena. The really poor ones are pointed out as typical examples of innate muddled-headed helplessness.

Any woman who has been involved in an accident will remember with rage the knowing nodding of heads of male standers-by. Explain as she may that she was proceeding along a main road and a man came too fast out of a side turning and clipped her wing, the verdict was passed as soon as it was seen to be a skirt getting angrily out of the car, rather than a pair of trousers.

In order to keep your head above water, you are going to have to forget many of those charming old-world courtesies you learnt at your mother's knee. "Behave like a lady and you will be treated like a lady," we used to be told. When driving, you can change this to "Behave like a lady and you won't get any treatment at all."

"Never push yourself rudely forward, dear." Stick to this genteel maxim on the road, and you will find yourself at the end of the day

still waiting to ease graciously into the line of traffic.

"Gentlemen don't like to be argued with," and "Never raise your voice in a discussion." Be these as they may, if a gentleman should happen to scrape into you at Hyde Park Corner, never hesitate, in the subsequent discussion, not only to argue with him, but to raise your voice as well. Otherwise, you will find that it is your insurance company that will be footing the entire bill.

"Always let older people go first." Unless they happen to be driving an elderly car, that is. Otherwise you will have a lot of time in which to reflect on the inner rewardingness of being polite as they chug dreamily along at 15 m.p.h., with you bottlenecked behind them.

There are certain conventional courtesies, however, that should be observed in the interests of survival. The law doesn't insist on them, but other motorists do.

1. Next time you are driving at 20 m.p.h. on a main road, why not try keeping into the left, instead of seeing how long you can straddle



the white line and hold up that Jaguar behind you? And when you do decide to drift over to the left eventually, because all that hooting is becoming rather tiresome, stay there. The Jaguar can see you're a woman and will therefore expect you to leap out again at a crucial moment. It will be satisfying to disappoint him.

2. Though the odds are that if a motorist draws into the side of the road and waves you on, it will mean that he has arrived at his house and doesn't want you following him up the drive, it won't do any harm to wave as you sweep by. And by all means hand out a charming smile when you find yourself side by side with another motorist in a tight stream of traffic. While he is smiling dazedly back at you, you will be able to nip in in front of him.

3. Don't take an "I'm all right, Jack," attitude towards parking.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

Leave some space behind or in front of your car for someone else to squeeze in. You may be certain he will manoeuvre his car in any way, by hook or by crook or by your crumpled fender.

4. When a man in a sporty car is trying to squeeze into the traffic from a side road, don't let him. The only kind of woman driver that men really respect is a woman who drives like a man. This means you must push and shove and shout and cut off corners, and turn in the road as slowly as the average taxi. And, if you sportingly take on the car that wants to race you to the next set of traffic lights—and get there first—you will receive the accolade of the road: "I'd never have guessed that was a woman driver."

CHAPTER 5

Keeping the passenger seat empty

Showing off a new car leads to the dangerous practice of offering lifts. Eager for admiration, you start ferrying your friends around, content with their delighted cries: "What a superb colour/engine/glove compartment," and "Do you mean to say you only paid £150/£1,500 for her? What a bargain!" and "These small cars/big cars always keep their depreciation value."

Soon, the compliments cease. And the only things your passengers say about the car is: "Why doesn't the passenger door open?" and "What was that funny noise when you went into third?"

Running a taxi service is no longer fun. Indeed, the only thing about a taxi you long to emulate is the meter. The main problem becomes not how to find passengers, but how to rebuff them. For you find that passengers fall into four unattractive groups.

There is the keen driver who knows perfectly well it was your fault when the gears crashed, and tells you so, and there is the non-driver who in the same circumstances loyally chalks up another against Lord Nuffield.

There is the neurotic, and there is your mother.



She is the most tiresome passenger of all, since she takes the attitude that you should not have been allowed to take the driving test, let alone pass it. Having pushed you about in a pram only a few years ago, she subconsciously resents that you are now in charge of her. Her conversation goes something like this:

"Let that man go first, dear, he's been waiting. . . . Why are you hooting at that car? Let him drive slowly if he wants to. . . . There's a taxi trying to overtake, draw into the side and let him pass. . . . There's a policeman over there looking at you in a funny way. . . . Be careful at these cross-roads, it's a bad accident spot. . . ."

Equally disquieting is the neurotic passenger. He locks the door as soon as he settles in the car, and immediately unlocks it again to make certain it works. He is never sure whether to lock it so it can't fly open and drag him out with it, or leave it unlocked so that when you veer drunkenly towards a cliff (as, in the back of his mind, he is convinced you will) he will be able to make a quick getaway.

Neurotic passengers sit in awkward and uncomfortable positions. This is because they are (a) sitting well down in their seats with their hats low over their eyes to protect them from flying glass; (b) trying to keep their legs above the level of the engine, which they have read somewhere is the wisest place to be in an accident; (c) keeping one hand poised over the hand-brake, and (d) keeping one foot poised over the foot brake. Relax for even a second, and his hands will be clamped to the steering wheel in a gallant attempt to save you from that bus 200 yards ahead.

In a given set of circumstances the really keen driver (the worst type of male back-seat driver) and the non-driver (the worst type of female back-seat driver) can be relied upon to run true to type.

You have just got yourself out of a skid by consummate skill and cool daring.

The keen driver says: "What was

all the panic about? If you'd let her have her head, you'd have got a nice drift around the corner."

The non-driver says: "Aren't you getting rather close to that car in front, dear?"

You are trying to park in a space two inches longer than the car.

The keen driver says: "Come on, now. Bags of room."

The non-driver says: "Aren't you getting rather close to that car in front, dear?"

You have just done 36 m.p.h. through a built-up area, and a police car is hovering meaningfully on your tail.

The keen driver says: "Let's show them a bit of speed. They're far more inclined to let you off lightly if you give them a sporting chase."

The non-driver says: "Aren't you getting a bit close to that car in front, dear?"



The only thing worse than a man passenger is a child (somebody else's of course). Piping inquiries of: "What's this knob for?" . . . "What happens when I press that?" . . . "Can I turn this handle?" are a purely rhetorical accompaniment to a dismantling job that would stir pride in any break-up yard. Even when they have spilt the ash trays, jammed the wiper mechanism and hidden the ignition key, there is still one trump card that they play again and again with practised skill. "I think," says the quiet, good little girl in the corner, "that I am going to be sick."

You must just learn how to offer a lift so that it won't be accepted. The suggestion must be that there is either something wrong with you or something wrong with the car.

"No, I'm not feeling too good," you admit in answer to the questions about your constant sighs. "Went a bit giddy on the way here, as a matter of fact."

Or: "An extraordinary thing happened this evening," you remark jovially as your passenger steps in. "A policeman stopped me and told me one of the wheels was working loose. What nonsense!"



Or: "I hope you won't mind getting out to crank. She's rather a tricky starter."

Or: simply scare the passenger silly. "Some idiot tried to overtake me at 60 this evening and landed in the ditch." You laugh immoderately. "He won't try that again."

With any luck, nor will your passenger.

CHAPTER 6

In case of accidents

Those who think that owning a car is the beginning of a big mechanical adventure will soon find out that it is much more of a social one. Especially if you're a woman. And more especially if you're a pretty one. Pull into the side of an isolated country road to repair your make-up, and there'll be at least a couple of faces at the window, avidly inquiring what the trouble is, and hoping like hell that it is something they can put to rights.

Every true Englishman feels, deep down, that if he hadn't gone into something else, he would have been the top mechanic in the garage. And for this reason a woman in a breakdown is, for once, one up on the male motorist. A man wants to work out his own mechanical problems, and petulantly refuses all offers of help. When he finds that his problem is a curiously tricky one, there is no one left to tow him to a garage. A woman not only doesn't want to work out her mechanical problems; she doesn't know how. It is amazing how many people are willing to tell her.

In case of accidents, we advise

snapping immediately into this routine. Unless you stand six feet four in your bare feet, and even your mother considers you plain, it will be successful.

When the car maliciously cuts out, try starting it again. Just in case there is a glove stuck under the starter, or the ignition has mysteriously switched itself off. There is nothing more calculated to turn the delighted smile of a willing helper into a derisive sneer than to be cheated of his sport by a mistake of this kind.

Once sure the car has broken down, act as though it has. Keep trying to start it, uttering at the same time piteous cries of distress. Jump in and out, throwing up the bonnet, and as a last resort reach for the starting handle. In no time at all, several men will be matily pulling the wires about and giving you their considered view of the trouble.

Smile submissively and say sweetly (and often) that you don't know what you would have done without them, and how lucky for you that they happened to pass by at that particular moment, or you can't imagine what you would have done if none of them manages to diagnose the trouble after half an hour, and graciously accept a lift to the nearest garage. Don't worry about all the trouble you are causing. Though there is nothing you



personally would enjoy more than a coin pressed embarrassedly into your palm, amateur mechanics fiercely resent the sight of your money. All they ask is the right to be in at the inquest, and to say that of course they suspected the battery was a bit dicky from the start.

They will carefully interpret your simple explanation into technical jargon, and the garage man's simple reply back into pidgin English. Your flat battery will have made some man very, very happy.

There are, however, some sinister bumpings and bangings that no amount of eager amateurs can master. It's as well to recognize them right away and thus save yourself a great deal of unnecessary subservience.

Call in a garage.

Finding a good garage is a much

tougher job than getting a good husband. The perfect garage man needs to be possessed of far finer qualities. He has to be honest or he can be stinging you for a new clutch mechanism when all you needed was a 9d. bolt. He has to be hard-working, so that when your car breaks down miles from anywhere he goes and gets it and fixes it, instead of "not being able to see his way to accept any further work until after the weekend/bank holiday/seasonal rush. He has to be optimistic, so that he takes a bright cheerful view of a broken fan belt ("Never you mind, ducks, I'll fix that in a jiff") instead of shaking his head gloomily over every trouble and advising you to "Scrap this old wreck, and put the money towards a decent car." He has to have an even temperament, so that he can take your stuttered explanations and demands in his stride, and into account, instead of dismissing you as a grade-one moron just because you don't know the technical language.

He's a hard man to find, especially as the paid mechanics who work in garages are the only Englishmen who don't seem to enjoy mucking about with cars. Hand them a satisfying overhaul and they'll shrug: "Well, I suppose I could take it on for you. Don't really want the job. Got more than enough on my plate as it is. But if



you'd like to leave it for a while I'll see what I can do."

The perfect garage man is nearly always the working boss of a very small garage. The boss of the big one may know everything about camshafts and axle-greasing, but he's in the main office filling in his income tax returns while some inexperienced apprentice is wiring your horn up to your headlights. The working boss, who gets under the car and sees it all for himself, is the best bet any time. Especially as he's the one who'll get the money at the end of the job.

Finally, if there's one place a woman's place isn't, it is red-faced under the car, jacking up the offside front tyre. Instead of investing in a set of spanners in six different sizes, it is far more long-sighted to stock your tool-box with a bottle of heady scent.

The Advanced Woman's **MOTORING TEST**

A candidate will be required to undertake all six of the following:

1. Dazzle (with a single smile) the motorist adjacent to her in a traffic jam in order to manoeuvre her car into the position that should rightfully be occupied by his.
2. Make it plain to any motorist wishing to ease his car into her line of traffic from a side-road that she wishes him every success and very much hopes that the man behind will be gentleman enough to allow him to do so.
3. Leave an average taxi-driver fumbling with his gears at a traffic light while she has already accelerated across. (Any normal stratagem will be accepted here; e.g. asking the way to the Crystal Palace, pointing out a non-existent fare 100 yards to his rear.)
4. Hopelessly confuse a mounted policeman who is about to tell her that she has overstayed her parking meter by (a) offering his horse a lump of sugar, (b) advising him to use anti-phlogistine on that fetlock.
5. Back her car into a parking space already earmarked by another motorist while at the same time giving the impression that she is only doing so in order to save him trouble.
6. When perceiving an elderly lady with one foot on a pedestrian crossing, marked with two or more lighted beacons, black and white stripes, and studs to indicate the limits of the crossing, accelerate briskly in order to make her take it off again.

MPH *plus*

A review of pace-setting shoes with elegant additives that get the most out of the miles on the clock

PHOTOGRAPHS: MICHEL MOLINARE

THE SHOE is by Bally in chestnut brown with a gently-rounded black patent toecap and a slim medium heel. This shoe is also available in burgundy and black patent and it costs about 8 gns. from the London Shoe Company. THE CLOCK is dated circa 1850. It is in tortoiseshell mounted with ormolu and has a French ormolu dial with Roman numerals. From Huggins & Horsey of Beauchamp Place



THE SHOE is by Roger Vivier for Christian Dior in warm, golden-brown alligator skin. Vivier this season favours a rounder toe—he showed spade shapes at the Dior collection in Paris. Here the toe is emphasized by a sickle moon decoration. The heel is high but not stiletto, the price is £30 9s. The bag, also alligator, slim and elegant, costs £90. Like the shoe, it comes from Delman, Old Bond Street. THE CLOCK is an attractive copy of an antique carriage clock design. It costs 10 gns. from the General Trading Company



THE SHOES are evening pumps with a new look provided by all-enclosed toes, cut-away sides and little ankle coverage. Pointed toes betray their Italian origin. The shoe (left) has coolly woven gold thread entirely covering toe and heel, edged with gold kid. The waisted heel is also covered with gold kid. From all main branches of Lotus, price: 7 gns. Shoe (right) has a toccap of gold leather, a vamp finished with old gold satin and a stiletto heel of gold kid. Ankle-strap of gold kid has a slip-knot for comfortable adjustment. From Dolcis, Old Bond Street, price: 7 gns. THE CLOCK is an antique in white bisque from the General Trading Company, Grantham Place, London, W.1

THE SHOE, in black calf, has a spear-point ridged toe with a high slim heel and ruched throat. 59s. 11d., from Manfield, Oxford Street. The bag is of soft black leather lined with satin. There is an outer purse under the envelope flap. 16½ gns. (other colours), from Charles Jourdan, Old Bond Street. THE CLOCK is a French mid-19th century striker in white marble and ormolu with a pendulum. From Huggins & Horsey



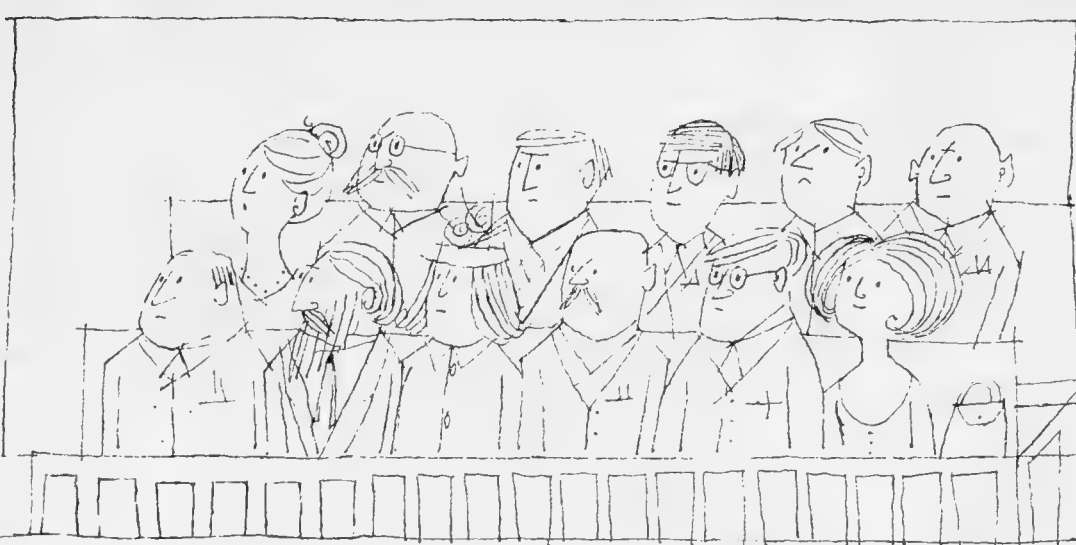
MPH *plus* CONCLUDED



THE SHOES (from left). The first indicates this season's trend at Charles Jourdan with its lower slim heel, slightly blunted toe, low-cut sides and small bow. In whisky and other colours, 5½ gns. Uppers are saddle-stitched to soles in the chestnut suède and leather shoes with stacked heels, £7 19s. 6d., from Pinet, New Bond Street. Sage green lustre calf shoe by Roger Vivier for Christian Dior has high heel and a slightly rounded toe, 10 gns., from Delman. Lace-up shoe from France in nigger brown is from the Cedric range of part hand-made shoes. 8 gns. at the London Shoe Company. Patent leather with self trim and indented stacked heel is from the Miss Rayne collection by Mary Quant. 7 gns. (21 gns. in crocodile) at Rayne, Old Bond Street, and Randall's, Knightsbridge. THE CLOCK is a dummy, a miniature grandfather from the General Trading Company

THE SHOES (right) are designed by Ferrarrio and hand-made in Italy. The tobacco-coloured shoe, on left, has a ruched vamp and up-standing tongue. 10 gns. from Mondaine (also in black). The other, in plain and milk chocolate shades, has a flat leather buckle and tucked vamp. £9 19s. 6d. from Pinet. THE CLOCK is a late-19th century Lantern with a French carriage clock movement, from Huggins & Horsey





VERDICTS

The play **Romeo and Juliet.** Old Vic. (John Stride, Judi Dench, Alec McGowen, Peggy Mount.)

The films **The Two Faces Of Dr. Jekyll.** Director Terence Fisher. (Paul Massie, Dawn Addams, Christopher Lee, David Kossoff, Norma Marla.)

The Dark At The Top Of The Stairs. Director Delbert Mann. (Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire, Eve Arden, Angela Lansbury.)

Foxhole In Cairo. Director John Moxey. (James Robertson Justice, Adrian Hoven, Albert Lieven, Gloria Mestre, Fenella Fielding.)

The books **Dancing In Petersburg,** by Mathilde Kschessinska. Tr. Arnold Haskell. (Gollancz, 30s.)

Saturday Lunch With The Brownings, by Penelope Mortimer. (Hutchinson, 16s.)

Kiss Kiss, by Roald Dahl. (Michael Joseph, 15s.)

The Letter In A Taxi, by Louise de Vilmorin, Tr. Francis Wyndham. (Collins, 10s. 6d.)

How To Be Inimitable, by George Mikes. (Deutsch, 8s. 6d.)

The Dean's Watch, by Elizabeth Goudge. (Hodder & Stoughton, 18s.)

The Man In The Tricorn Hat, by Delano Ames. (Methuen, 15s.)

The records

Alone With The Blues, by Ray Bryant.

Sounds Of Jazz; by Jimmy Johnson & Joe Sullivan; by Dave McKenna; by Art Tatum.

Les McCann Plays The Truth.

We Three, by Roy Haynes, Phineas Newborn & Paul Chambers.

Junior Jazz Gallery, by Erroll Garner.

The galleries

The Blue Rider Group, Tate Gallery.

Giacomo Manzù, Tate Gallery.

THEATRE



Anthony Cookman

Romeo with the brake on

IT WAS ENTERPRISING OF THE Old Vic to invite Mr. Franco Zeffirelli to take a busman's holiday from his distinguished operatic work at Covent Garden and produce a *Romeo And Juliet* for them at the Waterloo Road. What combination could be more felicitous on paper—a highly-skilled Italian

theatrical imagination brought to a tragedy of essentially Italian impetuosity of passion. We all went to the first night hoping for great things, for familiar lyrical ardour entrancingly dyed in unfamiliar authenticity, and many of us came away a good deal disappointed.

What had Mr. Zeffirelli given us? An atmospheric and visual treat. His settings make us feel that we are in Italy itself, in the squares of Verona where burning moons inflame the blood of the street quarrellers, and in walled gardens where voluptuous moonlit nights are only like a softer day and lovers scorn to sleep. He gives us some furious sword-play—sword-play that goes on for so long that we come to regard it simply as a display of skill and to back our private fancy as to whether Mercutio will kill Tybalt or Tybalt Romeo.

He gives us also a rendering of the story which is consistent, logical and well-balanced, lacking only two things—and lacking them, really lacking everything. Here is no lyric emotion because that depends on the speaking of the verse, and the speaking of the verse throughout the performance is utterly without vocal rhythm and music. And, well

balanced as the narrative may be, it never moves at the pace of the writing, which is full of images calculated to produce the effect of sudden and burning passion abruptly quenched by disaster.

Swiftness of movement is more important in *Romeo and Juliet* than in any of Shakespeare's more mature tragedies. There is nothing inevitable about this tale of woe. The lovers' deaths are forced, by the playwright and by chance. Two street quarrels, the blundering of a messenger, the miscalculations of a well-meaning friar are the instruments which bring about the tragic catastrophe. They would equally well have served Shakespeare in another mood to precipitate the catastrophe of a comedy. The story of woe is driven along by the passionate dictates of the lovers' hearts. The beating of those hearts is implicit in the swift beating of the verse, and if we are not irresistibly swept onwards from scene to scene we are given time to reflect, and to reflect in this tragedy jars the effect of lyric emotion at which it aims.

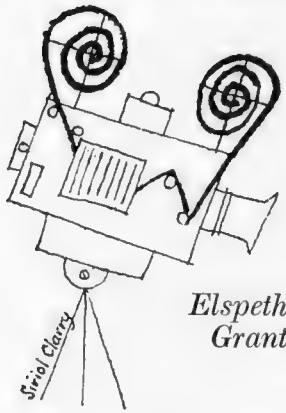
Mr. Zeffirelli's insensitiveness to the verbal poetry and to the urgency of the tragedy is everywhere in evidence. The munching of an apple

is more important to him as a pictorial note than some jest which is meant to drive the play along. He encourages Mr. Alec McGowen to represent Mercutio as a Cockney teddy-boy type, and the actor goes about his misguided business in so leisurely a fashion that necessary matters of the play are brought disastrously to a standstill. I have never known Mercutio's death made to appear so much an accident without particular significance.

The hero and heroine are well acted by Mr. John Stride and Miss Judi Dench, but they are young players and they have not been encouraged in this instance to look for the poetry in the things they are given to say. They merely give us a good impression of the characters, he a young man more in love with love than with any particular woman, she a young girl in love with a particular young man and beautifully resolved to win him.

Miss Peggy Mount—that suburban mother-in-law *par excellence*—is another source of disappointment. The coarse, garrulous, vastly experienced but fundamentally shallow-pated Elizabethan nurse is a figure in which she can find no relish.

CINEMA



You can hardly
see the fangs

TRADITION HAS HITHERTO DICTATED that in any cinema treatment of the Jekyll and Hyde story Mr. Hyde, as the embodiment of the beast in man, should be a nightmare monster—wire-thatched, beetle-browed, fanged and clawed and a real credit to some morbid member of the make-up department. He used to scare the pants off us when we were young—but we've seen so many monsters since "Things from outer space" have arrived that he'd probably only have that effect on small children nowadays.

Since nobody under 16 will be admitted to *The Two Faces Of Dr. Jekyll*—the latest film based (but only just) on the Robert Louis Stevenson tale—I entirely approve its more adult and subtle presentation of Hyde as a handsome young man, whose beastliness is all within. I congratulate the script-writer, producer and director—Messrs. Wolf Mankowitz, Michael Carreras and Terence Fisher, respectively—on this interesting new twist.

The mild, bearded Dr. Jekyll (Mr. Paul Massie), experimenting in isolating his higher from his lower nature, gives himself an injection of the drug he has invented for this purpose. Hey, presto! He turns into Hyde (Mr. Paul Massie), a beardless dandy with nothing but a rather

nasty glint in the eye to suggest the horrors of which he is capable.

On a tour of the late Victorian London night spots, he runs into Mrs. Jekyll (Miss Dawn Addams), the doctor's wife, who, neglected by her husband, has taken as her lover a good-looking profligate gambler (Mr. Christopher Lee). Something, Hyde decides jealously, will have to be done about *them*. Before anything can, the effect of the drug wears off and he returns home as Jekyll—sadder but no wiser than to continue his dangerous experiment.

Gradually the evil Hyde gains ascendancy over the good doctor—and we are in for a spate of violent deaths. Mr. Lee is dispatched by python, Miss Addams by defenestration, a delectable snake-dancer (Miss Norma Marla) by strangling—and an innocent, obliging window-cleaner, a total stranger to Hyde, is shot in the back, apparently for the sheer hell of it.

Virtue must ultimately triumph—and the police must eventually arrest somebody on a charge of murder. It seems to me they take it with surprising calm when young Hyde changes into grizzled Jekyll under their very eyes—but perhaps that sort of thing was a commonplace in Queen Victoria's day.

Some sage advice to married couples is offered in *The Dark At The Top Of The Stairs*, a well-written and convincingly acted film set in a small Oklahoma oil town in the early 1920s. Robust Mr. Robert Preston, a hearty harness salesman, is bitterly annoyed by his wife, Miss Dorothy McGuire, who no longer lets him make love to her. She is tired of scrimping and saving and trying to do the best for their two children on a modest budget.

Their endless quarrels have a disastrous effect on their 15-year-old daughter and 10-year-old son: the girl is painfully shy and the boy so timid that he is the butt of his schoolfellows—and the parents' efforts to normalize them only lead to more rows.

To crown everything, Mr. Preston loses his job: the horse has been ousted by the motor car and there's

no market for saddles and bridles. At first he is confident of getting other work—but near-panic grips him when he finds it is not so easy at his time of life. He is too humiliated to tell his wife what has happened: instead he confides in an old friend (Miss Angela Lansbury), a widow who runs a beauty parlour.

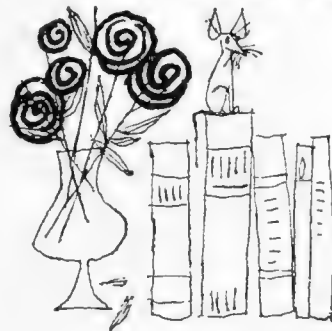
Local gossips, seeing Mr. Preston in her company, run hotfoot to Miss McGuire with the news that her husband is dallying with another woman—and Miss McGuire instantly (and erroneously) assumes the worst. It takes an interview with Miss Lansbury (a most effective scene) to straighten her out and save the marriage from breaking-up.

Apart from a subsidiary tragedy, involving the teenage daughter (Miss Shirley Knight) and a young Jewish boy (Mr. Lee Kinsolving), there is nothing in the film that does not ring true. Oh, I must not neglect

to say that Miss Eve Arden, whom we have not seen for far too long, gives a remarkable performance, both comic and touching, as a garrulous matron—a positive mine of misinformation—who is unaware that her meek husband (Mr. Frank Overton) is sick and tired of her perpetual yackety-yak.

Owing, I think, to somewhat pedestrian direction, *Foxhole In Cairo* does not do full justice to Mr. Leonard Mosley's enthralling book, *The Cat and the Mice*, on which it is based. The chief excitement about the film is that the story it tells is true. To obtain information on British troop movements and plans of attack, Rommel planted a spy named John Eppler (Mr. Adrian Hoven) in Cairo in 1942. But for the resource and sagacity of Captain Robertson (Mr. James Robertson Justice), Eppler could have given Rommel the victory at El Alamein.

BOOKS



Siriol Hugh-Jones

The dancer who loved Grand Dukes

"ANDRÉ GAVE ME THE DIAMOND diadem which I have already mentioned. . . . The Grand Duke Serge Mikhailovitch gave me a mahogany chest with gold rims, containing a collection of yellow diamonds of all sizes, to make any jewel I desired. Jivotovsky gave me a large elephant in a pink precious stone with ruby eyes. . . . From the public I received among

other things a Louis XVI table and tea service, and a diamond watch." The tiny person so loved, so fêted, so hung about with diamonds was Mathilde Kschessinska the great Russian dancer, now in her 80s, who has written her autobiographical, *Dancing in Petersburg*.

Dancers' memoirs, of which there is apparently no end, have an enormous fascination, partly because many of them appear to be roaring egocentrics. Kschessinska amazingly does not seem so. Her book has the extraordinary fairy-story quality, in the early chapters, of high-life in Imperial Russia, complete with snow, sleigh-rides, grand dukes handing out diamonds regardless, romantic secret meetings by night, fancy-dress masked balls, and this small enchanted person being constantly borne in triumph to her carriage by palanquins, "with ceaseless cries of 'Bravo!' and 'Hurrah!'"

The Tsarevitch fell in love with her, the Grand Duke Serge protected her, and the Grand Duke André, the father of her son, finally became the husband she loved

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devotedly until his death four years ago.

From the days of her glittering youth, when she would place her *fouettés* by the glint of a Minister's decorations in the stalls, and travel complete with maid, valet, butler, two cooks and two tutors for the child, this most dazzling of dancers survived the Revolution and emigration, became a great teacher, was asked by Diaghilev to dance in Paris when she was 48, and last appeared on 'stage for de Basil in London in 1936, when she was 64 (the photograph shows a slim and delicate little creature who might be in her 20s.)

The book is emotional, generous, romantic and wholly unbitchy. The neat, dark-eyed young girl with the witty mouth of the early enchanting photographs inherited her father's resilience (at 83 he danced the mazurka with her in full costume), and the days of the ruby-eyed elephants apparently neither spoil her nor left her querulous when they vanished for good. The book is a valuable footnote to history; it's also a touching record of much faithful love.

The adults in Penelope Mortimer's collection of short stories, *Saturday Lunch with the Brownings*, are often fundamentally good and kind people who are startled and appalled to find themselves quietly eating each other alive. Waking up is a bad time for them, and the day is made up of moments of precarious survival. This writer's particular strength is the ability to indicate, lightly and obliquely, the crisis implicit in extremely ordinary events such as a meal, a holiday, a birthday. They are written with

great ease and economy, without a wasted word, implying more than they say, from time to time delivering a rabbit-punch of irony which is positively happy—most of them are ferociously funny, so that you laugh not till, but while, it hurts.

Unlike many collections, I think these stories give most when read all at once, since they are all part of a coherent world written about from inside, and are sharply lit by the searchlight of a highly idiosyncratic point of view. (Fiction is often supposed to make you understand more about people and life, but the writers I remember seem to me more often inclined simply to hypnotize you for the time into seeing things their way.) I think the best story in the book is a splendidly condensed life-study of a furious misfit, called *The Parson* and written with an unnerving mixture of rage and tenderness.

This writer is particularly deft with time, making it race and run down slowly, freezing it to a dead stop just before a nasty scream that never quite happens. It is perhaps a good thing to be reminded from time to time that the middle classes do not spend all their time exclaiming "Tennis, anyone?" and "Oh, Geoffrey, if only I'd understood," but bleed if you slice them open, just like anyone else.

Roald Dahl's short stories, rather mysteriously called *Kiss Kiss*, are fantastic and macabre. He has a fascinated relish for rotting teeth and blobs of glup, and a sort of cheerful ebullience when it comes to describing a brain attached to a single eye kept alive in a basin, or a small baby turning furrily into a queen bee.

There is a story called *Pig*, full

of ghastly glee, which is about a brilliant vegetarian child-cook, a wizard with *prunes Stroganoff* and *beetroot mousse piquant*, who finally goes the way of the pigs in the abattoir. Life seems to fill Mr. Dahl with a laughing disgust amounting to frenzy. If you can stand it, this book may well be rewarding.

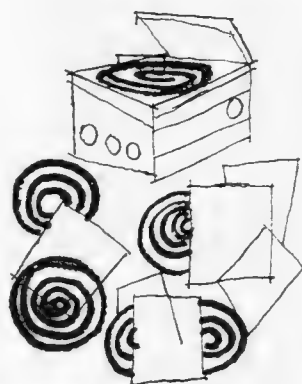
Briefly... **The Letter in a Taxi**, by Louise de Vilморin, is a chic *conte* which starts nicely and ends up by boring, like trying to make a whole meal out of *petits fours*...

How to be Inimitable, by George Mikes with Nicholas Bentley pictures, is to date quite the best of the funny-books-about-the-funny-English I have read, written with a barely concealed kick that sometimes sounds mercifully like open malice. The brief chapter called

"Everybody is Hungarian" is particularly fine, illustrating an obvious truth about English life never before expressed in print...

Elizabeth Goudge's *The Dean's Watch* is a nice long read about a saintly clergyman, full of homespun philosophy, repentance, self-sacrifice, and a dear little curly-haired child. The blurb contains the words quaint, exquisite, irrepressibly happy, cosy, enchanting, plump and wayward, mostly referring to characters in the book, which gives you a very fair idea of the contents... And *The Man in the Tricorn*, by Delano Ames, is such an agreeable, entertaining, sour-flavoured mystery story, set in a Spanish fishing village and genuinely tasting of the place, that it almost took me back to my first mad passion for thrillers.

RECORDS



Gerald Lascelles

Ray Bryant's roots go deep

THE MOST IMPORTANT ALBUM OF piano jazz made since the death of Art Tatum has just been released. It is Ray Bryant's *Alone with the blues* (32-106), a well-balanced set of seven tracks which include a predominance of his original pieces. The two most significant points about this record are that it is a genuine solo work, without the support of the inevitable bass and drums which pervade the majority of piano works today. In the light of so many false values placed on the present generation of piano players by their inability to take the stand as true soloists, Ray's performance in this album takes on a new significance.

His impressive, full-listed variations on the blues have the flavour of vintage jazz, yet they are vested with a more ambitious approach to phrasing which stems from a close understanding of modern ways of interpreting the old idiom. Ray Bryant has his roots in the works of Hines and Tatum, preserving a healthy regard for the old stride

pianists' works. I have in mind one of the greatest exponents, Jimmy Johnson, whose 1929 solos are to be heard on TFE17246, backed by some much more recent pieces in the same vein by Joe Sullivan. The link is strong, without inference of copyism in Bryant's part.

A little-known pianist makes his first British appearance on record this month. He is Leslie McCann, a West Coast pianist whose title piece *The Truth* (LAE12238) is rather florid and effusive up-tempo jazz with a gospel theme. McCann displays a dexterous but superficial technique which emphasizes the fact that he has a mechanical approach to his music. It would be wrong, however, to dismiss or lose sight of the young man's work in the future.

Phineas Newborn, of whom I have written previously, adopts a similar but more technical approach to his piano work. He delights in throwing in some incredibly fast runs, dexterous unison passages, which match the prodigious technique I associate with Tatum. But somehow he fails to convey the same rhythmic aplomb, despite excellent and sensitive support by Paul Chambers and Roy Haynes, in their album *We three* (32-103). Another pianist I have been watching in recent months is Dave McKenna, a 30-year-old American pianist whose first solo EP has just come out (TFE17169). His slick fingering produces clear-cut jazz reminiscent of Teddy Wilson, but hopelessly lacking in bass work. It makes Garner's Junior Jazz Gallery release (JAZ105) sound solid by contrast, although even this pales by comparison with Tatum's third volume in the "Sounds of Jazz" series (TFE12737). He takes unspeakable liberties with a piece I was made to learn at school, called *Humoresque*. I have never favoured the jazzing of classical themes, but I believe that this example is the exception to prove the rule.



ROALD DAHL seen with his wife American actress Patricia Neal, has just published a new book of short stories called *Kiss Kiss* (Michael Joseph, 15s.), his first since 1953.

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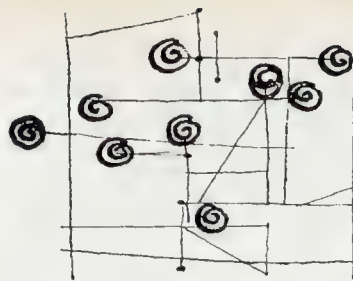
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GALLERIES

Alan
Roberts

Runaway Blue Riders

WHILE STILL FLUSHED WITH SUCCESS (and flush with money) after the Picasso show, the Arts Council has again taken over a large part of the Tate Gallery and provides us with two more exhibitions of great interest. The first contains 272 paintings and drawings by the members of the turbulent Blue Rider Group. The second is of drawings and bronzes by the Italian sculptor Giacomo Manzù.

Works by the Blue Rider (*Der Blaue Reiter*) painters formed a major part of the exhibition of German painting, *Art in Revolt*, about which I wrote in these pages a year ago. But the present exhibition, which was part of the Edinburgh Festival, is by far the biggest and most representative collection of their works ever seen here.

Through it one quickly realizes how heterogeneous the group was. The one thing that all of them had in common was a feeling of revolt against everything old in general and against the sterility of German Impressionism in particular. It was the Munich painters' counterpart to the revolt which the Cubists and Fauves were staging in Paris and the Futurists in Italy, and in a number of somewhat confused and confusing documents, propounded a belief in the possibility of a synthesis of intellect and spirit, science and mysticism.

The movement was not short of theorists. Kandinsky, Franz Marc and, later, Paul Klee, strove to clarify and justify what they were doing. Until his death in the trenches in 1916, at the age of 36, Marc continued to pour out his ideas in words.

He did not, as the roomful of his charming animal pictures at the Tate shows, travel far along the road that he foresaw. It was left to Kandinsky, the first in Germany to explore the limitless wastes of abstraction, to do that.

Wassily Kandinsky, born in Moscow in 1866, was from about 1897 onward one of the most powerful forces in German art. As early as 1912 he was formulating an art in which colour was related to music and from which subject matter was completely expunged. The present exhibition covers fairly fully the exciting development of his art from the Impressionistic *plein-air* paintings of 1901-2, through the *Art Nouveau* fairytale illustrations of 1904-7, to the abstract Improvisations of 1914.

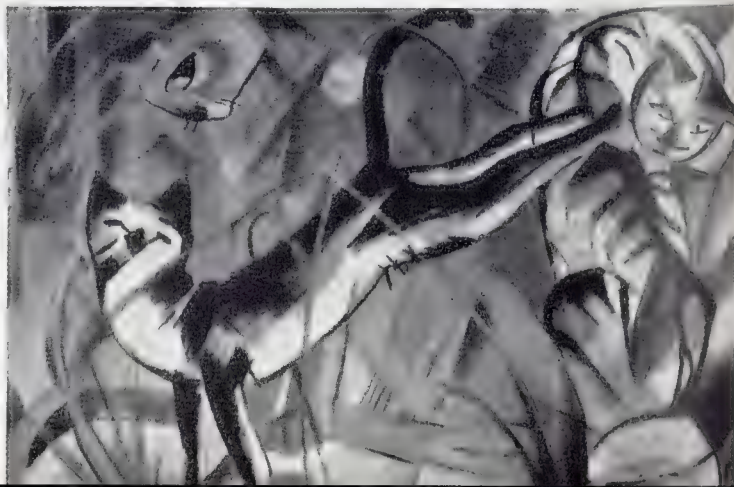
Also included in the exhibition are large groups of works by August Macke, Alexei von Jawlensky, Gabriele Muenster and Klee. Muenster is particularly interesting just now because her recent work—she is still living in the same house in Bavaria which she shared with Kandinsky more than 50 years ago—is on show in the Marlborough Gallery, Old Bond Street.

Macke, like Marc, died in the first World War. He was only 27, but from the works in this show alone it is clear he was the equal of any of his fellows as a colourist and superior to most of them as a handler of paint.

After all this fierce heart-reaching and cerebration the uncomplicated sculpture of Manzù comes as almost a physical relief.

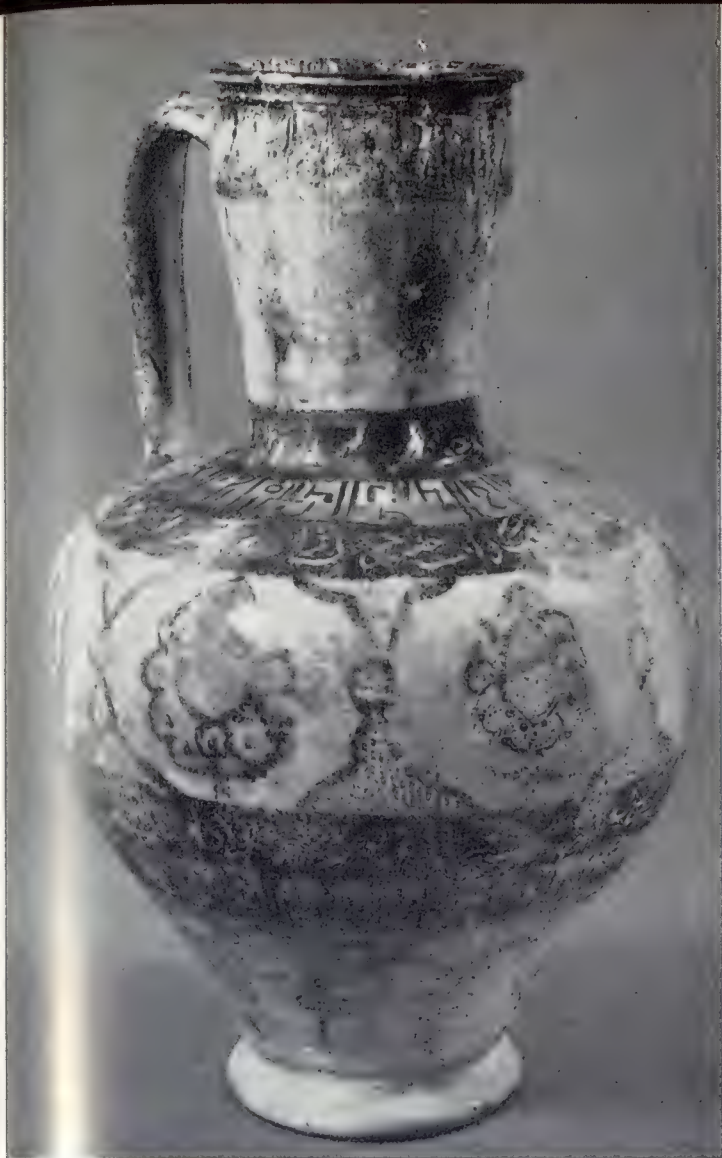
His classical simplicity is most impressive in the series of bronze Cardinals, standing and seated figures ranging from 14 inches to 12 feet in height. But except in the masterly series of low reliefs, *Variations On A Theme* (the Crucifixion), movement seems generally to elude him. It is present in an early figure of David but curiously and lamentably absent from the several large and small figures of skaters done recently.

CATS by Franz Marc, from the Blue Rider show at the Tate



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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

EARLY PERSIAN POTTERY IS AN exotic in the antique world and the chance of acquiring a good specimen somewhat few. The sale at Sotheby's last spring of one of the finest private collections was a rare event so it is worthwhile considering one or two aspects of the subject that might help the interested collector to assess the merits of any particular piece that does come his way.

The two great centres were Rayy (the ancient Rhages where Tobit sent his son Tobias to seek his fortune) and Kashan where the early 13th-century jug shown above was produced. It fetched £180 at Sotheby's. The two cities flourished in the same era though Rayy, capital of Persia under the Seljuk dynasty, was razed in the 13th century by the Mongols under Ghengis Khan. Pottery was perhaps the greatest artistic achievement of the Seljuks. The perfect proportion and delicacy of line have seldom been surpassed and the decoration of their finely modelled surfaces was equally inspired. To quote a present-day young Iranian: "I doubt if decorative design has ever been at once so delicately sensitive, more free in its rhythmic flow and at the same time more aware of its

limiting conditions, that is, the decoration of a particular plastic form."

The perfection of this linear rhythm is worth investigation. The Persians, like the Chinese, have always held calligraphy in greater esteem than the western world. In the Arabic script, adopted after the Islamic conquest of Persia in the 7th century A.D., they found an instrument well suited to their artistic temperament. The script is exceptional in its variety of form. The flowing lines were adapted to pictorial themes without conscious modification so that the artist was almost perforce a calligrapher and the calligrapher already partly an artist. Thus unwittingly were inspired the lines with which these early decorators outlined their forms, expressing movement with such innate control, economy and precision.

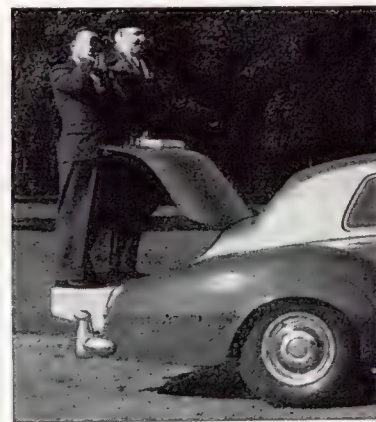
But even in the 13th century the first flaws in this inspired simplicity began to appear. The sensual appeal of over-ornamentation and the love of luxury began to debase the art, falsifying the artist's sensitivity but flattering his vanity as a craftsman . . . a point to remember when contemplating an initial purchase.

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Mechanization has a place even at the dressing-table. The finish of any foundation depends on spreading the film quickly and evenly, and plenty of women never manage to do it properly by hand. A machine specially designed to cope with this problem is widely used in France. It fits snugly into the palm and has a fixture to hold circular and triangular pads designed to apply all sorts of products. The action is fast, efficient—it moves lightly back and

The mechanics of make-up

forth laying a thin film of cream on the skin's surface. Outstandingly good when used with things like astringent and thick nourishing cream (which it coaxes into the skin), it will fluff powder on with a deep soft brush, even apply rouge. The Makeur costs 7 gns. in a dressing table model or 6 gns. in a crocodile travelling pack at Marshall & Snelgrove, Peter Jones: London.

New, newer, newest thing to underplay powder is Guerlain's Day Cream. A light, fluffy cream, it is dark in the pot and lightest on the skin where Beige Clair gives a pale glow. Massage it in and press surplus off with tissues. Day Cream costs 10s. 6d. in four tints. Smartest-packed scent is Flair by Yardley which has acquired six new supporters to echo its elusive flavour—cologne, spray mist, crystallized cologne, bath oil, dusting powder and a new soap.

Richest face mask is Helena Rubinstein's Skin Life—a 10-minute biological mask which keeps the skin radiant for as many hours. It refines pores, smoothes wrinkles and gives deep-seated nourishment. Prettiest new eye make-up is a Waterproof Liquid Eye Liner in all the usual shades plus a deep, lulling violet (now in Mascara-Matic and eye shadow too). Put on with the new red sable brush it is waterproof, non-smear and long-lasting.

*Elizabeth
Williamson*



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DINING IN

Helen Burke

Stand-ins for meat

TRYING AS IT MAY BE TO HAVE TO prepare meals for a single member of the family who for health reasons has been taken off meat and poultry, one can be thankful for eggs, fish and vegetables—and the rest of the family may unexpectedly find that they like fish and that an all-vegetable meal is beneficial. Perhaps, too, they will appreciate meat and bird dishes all the more when these are resumed. And don't forget cheese. I do not think that we fully recognize its value until we eat it as a main part of a meal.

All those old favourite soups—cream of tomato, sweet corn, cauliflower, carrot and mushroom, as well as potato-leek, green pea, onion and Jerusalem artichoke—can be made with water as the "stock." Butter is the only fat needed, and generally the vegetables are *sweated* in it in the first place.

Thick bulbous-based fennel is in again and it makes a tasty main course.

FENNEL AU GRATIN for 4. Trim 4 smallish ones, drop them into boiling salted water and cook for 15 to 20 minutes. Drain well and press them in a folded linen cloth. Arrange in a buttered shallowish oven dish, dot with 1 oz. butter and spoon over a little thick cream. Add freshly milled pepper to taste.

Sprinkle with 1 oz. each of grated cheese and breadcrumbs, and brown in a very hot oven (450 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 8).

FENNEL PROVENCALE, again for 4, is even more vegetarian. Prepare the fennel as above. Put a chopped large onion, a chopped good-sized clove of garlic and 1 lb. quartered skinned tomatoes in a well buttered casserole. Place the fennel on top of them. Add a teaspoon of olive oil and 4 tablespoons of vegetable stock or water. Cover and cook gently for 1 hour at 350 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 4.

Endive is another unusual vegetable which lends itself well to a diet without meat.

ENDIVE AU GRATIN, for 4. Drop 4 chunky endives into boiling salted water in which there is also the juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon. Boil for 20 minutes, then drain well and press in a linen cloth to remove as much moisture as possible. Wrap each in a thin square of processed Cheddar cheese and place in a buttered

shallow oven-dish. Pour around them a good white sauce in which a little more cheese has been blended.

Place under a hot grill to melt the cheese and brown the surface.

When one thinks of the wonderful fish we get in this country, there is not really any hardship for non-meat eaters. Boiled rice with any flaked cooked fish is always a welcome dish. But here is a favourite of mine—a simple but exceedingly pleasant fish stew.

FISH, SHELLFISH AND RICE. For this dish, for 4 persons, you need 2 scallops, 1 large filleted sole, a package of scampi, 1 pint mussels and a few shelled cooked prawns. Place the sole bones in a saucepan with 1 pint water, a tablespoon of dry white wine, a sprig of thyme, several parsley stalks and a little freshly milled pepper and salt. Cook together for 20 minutes. Meanwhile, wrap each seasoned fillet of sole, skin side inside, around a prawn. Place in a pan with the quartered scallops and their orange "tongues" and the scampi. Strain the stock over them, cover with butter paper and poach for 20 minutes.

Melt 1 oz. butter in a pan and cook $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. flour in it, without colouring it. Remove from the heat and stir in the stock from the fish, leaving a little behind in which to keep the fish warm. Return to the heat and simmer to cook and thicken the sauce. Taste and season further, if required.

Slice 2 oz. small unopened mushrooms and cook them for 2 minutes, covered, with 1 tablespoon boiling water, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice. Add them and their stock to the sauce. Have ready the mussels, opened as directed in these notes, last week.

Arrange the "rolls" of sole in a heated shallow dish and garnish them with the scampi and the mussels. Finally, at the last minute, beat together an egg yolk and 2 to 4 tablespoons of double cream and stir them into the sauce. Heat through, pour enough sauce over the fish to cover it and serve with pilaff of rice.

Any left-over sauce should be blended with the stock from the mussels for next day's Cream of Mussel Soup, to which can be added any reserved mussels, stored in the refrigerator overnight.

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Facel Vega is imported into Gt. Britain by InterContinental Cars Limited (Managing Director George Abecassis) in association with H. W. Motors Limited of Walton-on-Thames, Surrey. Telephone them on Walton 20404 and talk Facel Vega. Talk two-door or four-door. They demonstrate both the HK 500 and the *Excellence* pillarless saloon.

Of course, for a car that costs around £4,700, you will expect something out of the usual in the selling demonstration and in the after-sales service arrangements. In Facel Vega you won't be disappointed!



See Facel Vega—the world's fastest touring car—on Stand 161 at the Motor Show



MAN'S WORLD *David Morton*



RUSS ALLEN

Anyone really wanting to "dice" can get the full kit shown here from Les Leston at 314 High Holborn. The "Racemaster" crash helmet is the most expensive single item at £5 17s. 6d., but you only have one skull. Jack Brabham thought it was worth the money. Flameproof overalls in lightweight poplin cost £5. Driving boots are £3 2s. 6d., goggles 27s. 6d., the soft leather gloves with nylon mesh backs and elasticized wrists are 25s., and the whole lot goes into the Tracsac which is 38s. 6d. Carshoes, £3 15s.

MOTORING CLOTHES PROPER WENT out with the Stutz Bearcat, and if you drive a saloon Bentley you won't find much here for you; but if you're a Black Label driver—read on. The London store buyers have not forgotten you. Nearly all of them have something new in motoring coats and all know the requirements—a short coat of about fingertip length that won't suddenly brake or change gear for you... a coat that will fit over your jacket and still give you room to corner without splitting across the shoulders... a coat that can deal with any weather that gets past the windscreen. Find a coat with all this and then look at the gimmicks.

For driving to a point-to-point and watching the races without freezing, Simpsons in Piccadilly have a soft Bulgarian shearling coat—double-breasted, slant-pocketed with a generous collar—for £30. Anyone should keep warm in this—there were no complaints from the Bulgar sheep. But if you drive where the nearest horse is in the Metropolitan Police, look at Jaeger's *Bowline*—black beaver cloth with a scarlet lining and knitted collar and cuffs. This costs

£23 and has a wind-cuff up its sleeve.

Gannex cloth is ideal for motor-ing—windproof, rainproof, light, warm, scrubbable if it gets oily. And it would probably outlive any car at the Motor Show. Lillywhites have this cloth made up into a car coat with a Sheerlite lining, slit pockets and slit sides. The tobacco colour is exclusive to them and was worn by the British Olympic ski team at Squaw Valley (£23 17s. 6d.). Harrods have the *Rally Coat* in Gannex in their Younger Man's Shop, bristling with what the Americans call "conversation pieces." Hidden hood, two-way zip (this is a bright idea as you can pull the zip up to your neck and then up from the bottom as well), a pencil-pocket on the left sleeve, a D-buckled tab for your stop-watch in the breast pocket, a three-way belt, inside map pocket and two huge bellows pockets at the sides. Yours for 14 guineas. I also liked their *Pathfinder* coats in navy or tobacco face-cloth with toning paisley linings. These are reefer-style coats for 18 guineas.

Driving gloves are a matter of personal preference. Some men

feel they need to improve their grip on the wheel. They should take a look at the French cotton gloves exclusive to Simpsons. These have an off-white string back and strips of kid sewn from fingertip to wrist. Lillywhites have their M1 gloves with a buffed sheepskin palm and crocheted wool back; there is a Velcro burr-type fastening to adjust tightness at the wrist. Donald Campbell chose a new glove made by Morley for his (frustrated) attempt on the land speed record; these are made of soft off-white cape leather, perforated for coolness. The fingertips are pique-sewn for sensitivity.

Shoes for driving have been getting more attention lately and all the makers seem to agree that the sole should extend right up the heel to act as a firm pivot and prevent wear against the floor. In the illustration you can see a pull-on suede shoe with a sole that doesn't slip on oil or water—it's specially treated leather and has two studs backed by a fibre plate to combat wear against the pedals. £3 15s. For those who prefer lace-up shoes with rubber soles, Simpsons and Lillywhites have them.



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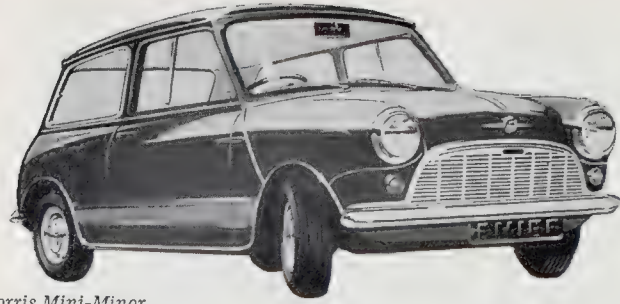
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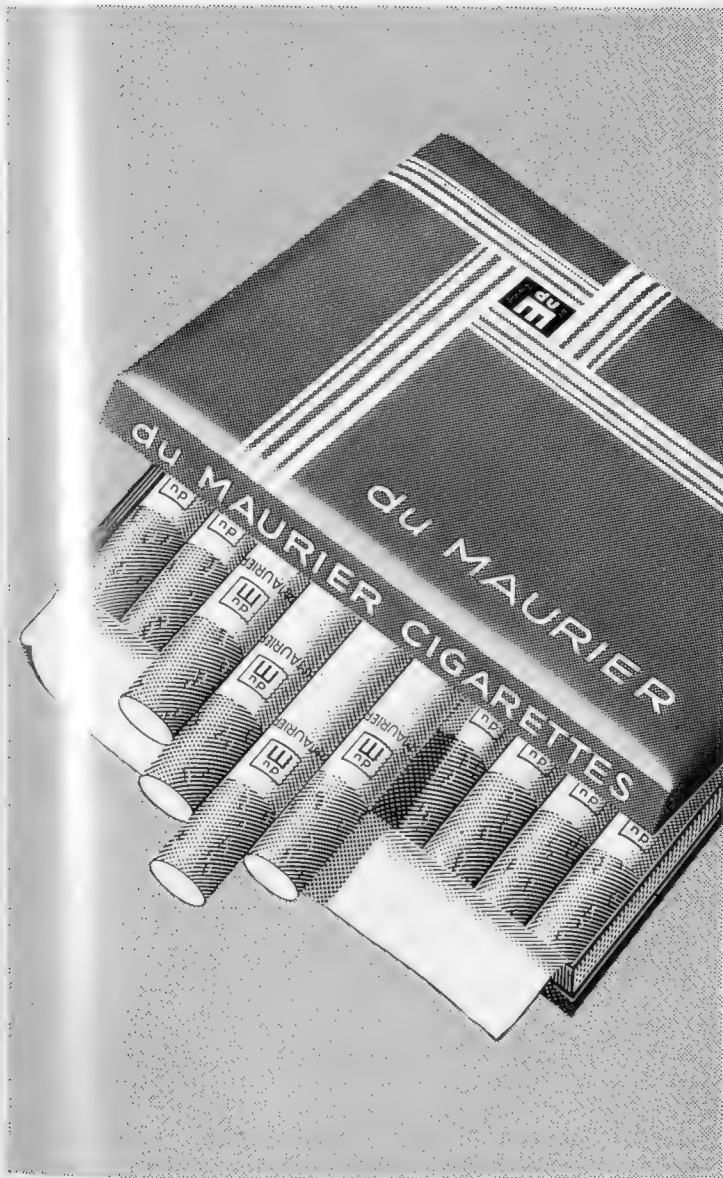
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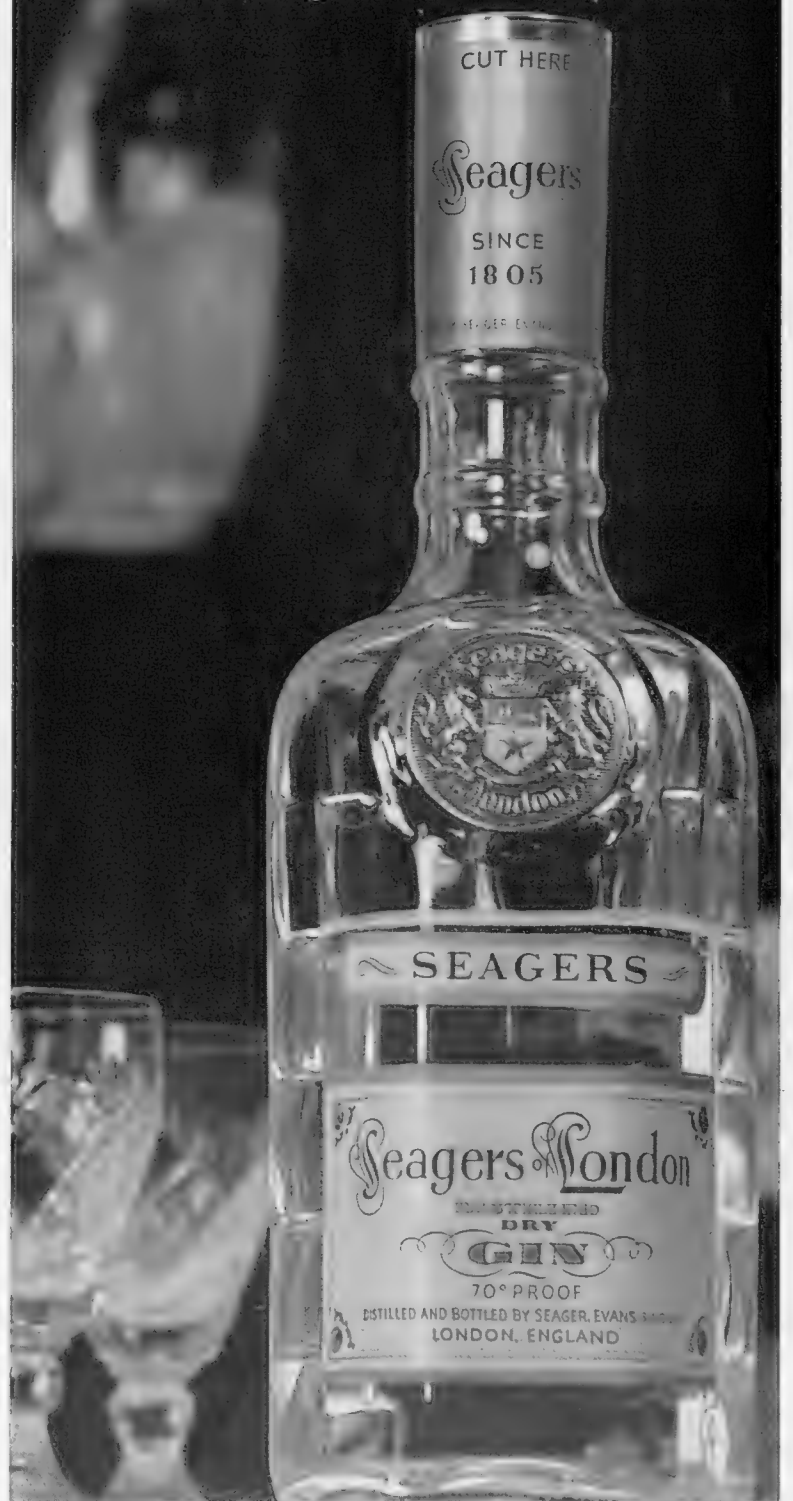
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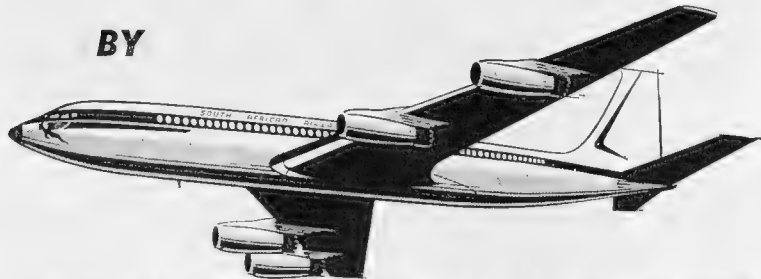


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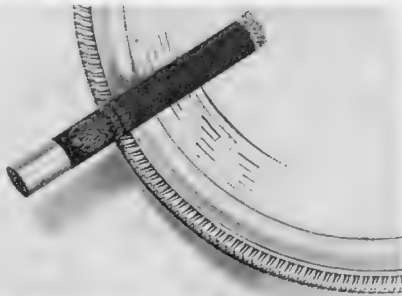
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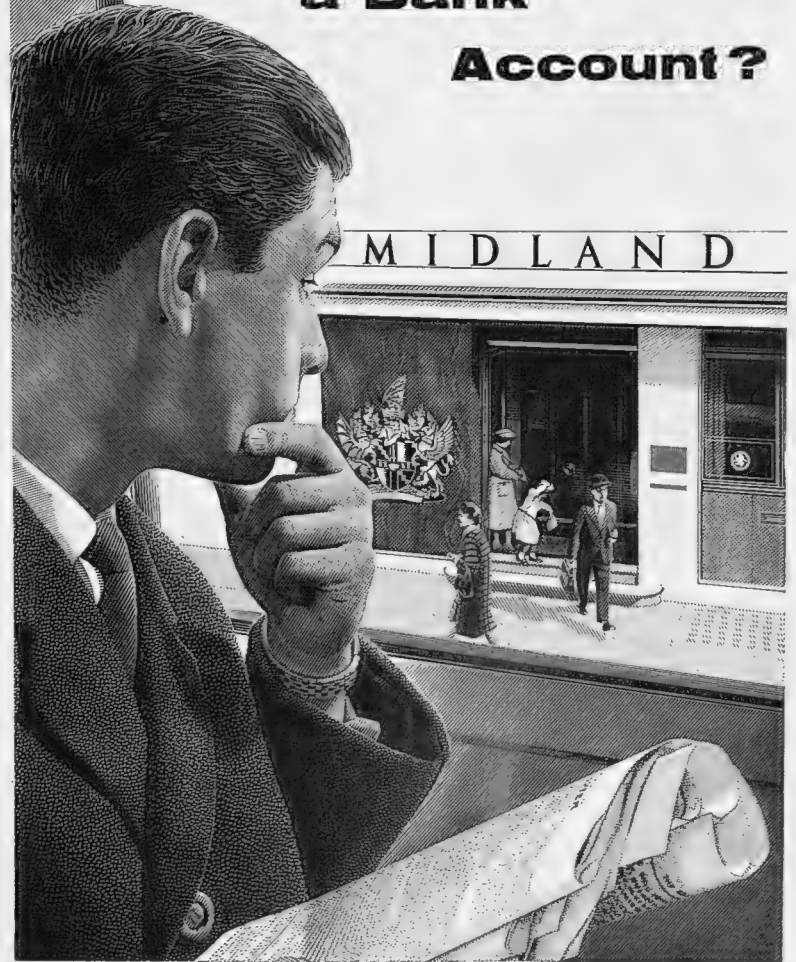
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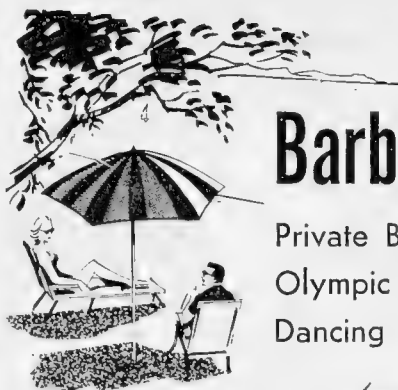
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(Continued from previous page)

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